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For The Northwest Magazine.

THE YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Its Antiquities and Its Wonders.

To the archeologist seeking for natural antiquities, Yellowstone Park has no competitor on our planet.

The "Infant Cones" at Mammoth Hot Springs were at work when Columbus was laboring to convince the savants of Europe that a new world lay undiscovered amid the wild waste of the Atlantic! The "Orange Geyser Cone," now twenty feet high, had begun to build its beautiful golden walls, with its millions of microscopic cups, fit to hold the silvery dew drops to grace the nuptials of a fairy queen, before the Divine Republic of Plato had been written, and before the first stone had been laid in founding the Eternal City!

"Liberty Cap" has withstood the storms of fifty-six centuries. It has survived the rise and fall of great empires. Human-like faces are seen on all sides of this monument of antiquity, and inspired the song of "The Sphinx," on another page of this issue.

Over sixty similar pillars once stood on the hotel plateau all of which dug their own graves and are now buried amid the ruins of terraces as beautiful as those now consecrated to Minerva, Jupiter and Hymen. Liberty Cap is older than Cleopatra's Needle, or the Pyramids, or Solomon's Temple. All these vertical cones at Mammoth Hot Springs were slowly built at the rate of eleven inches to the century. The circular terraces around and created by them are as transient, as they are beautiful; but to realize the immensity of time as of space one has to stand beside "Pluto's Chimney," now about ten feet high, situated in the Monument Geyser Basin, on the top of Mount Shurtz, where it has been puffing its atomised vapor for 28,000 years, a time long anterior to the period when the creative fiat is supposed to have first launched our planet on its eternal journey round the sun. The "Forge" and the "Invisible Trip Hammer" in the same basin, have been grinding and tunneling, and boiling the rocks into paint for thousands of years.

To the artist and poet, Yellowstone Park is at once

a museum, a picture gallery and a romance! No colorist, not even Titian, could do justice to the brilliancy and marvelous blending of colors that are seen on the terraces of the Seraph Geyser, or that of Paradise Lake or the Chain Lakes, or the Black Sand

though they have "held the mirror up to nature" their best copies are as but shadow to substance, the dead body of a Cleopatra to the living embodiment of all the graces that charmed and conquered the conqueror. They must be seen even before one can either comprehend or appreciate the works of our best masters of which Thomas Moran is unquestionably the greatest.

The gas-aqueous geysers are beyond the reach of photographers and painters.

The Ruby is that "gem of purest ray serene," whose loveliness and beauty is as changeable as the chameleon, and as brilliant as the prismatic reflex of a star. Ladies have reached forth their hands to pluck it up and plant it in their hair. Gentlemen would fain have placed it on their bosoms as a jewel which no lapidary could fashion or even imitate, compared with it, all artificial products are but counterfeits.

The "Evangeline" is a divine poem, or at least a perfect stanza in a volume of which each verse attains the absolute perfection of divine art. There are in it two hearts. The outer one is encircled with a silicated rim of the most perfect and complicated convolutions—the inner heart has depth and warmth and purity and power such as the poet ascribes to woman when most exalted by those human qualities that make her the object of adoration as sister, lover and mother of men and gods.

Within the inner heart, after five minutes of repose, during which the crystal waters drop like the eyelids of a sleeping goddess, then there is an awakening as if out of a dream. The hearts fill up to overflowing. With a quiver and a sigh she awakes. The rustle of her night robe scatters gems like star dust in the Milky way. She seems to laugh as she tosses her jewels upward with the lavishness of one whose stores are inexhaustible. A very spendthrift as in love, where the more that is given the more there is to bestow.

At first these sparkling jewels are but microscopic specks rising in symmetrical columns, or in graceful curves like the tail feathers of a bird of paradise. Again they assume the aspect of large, brilliant rubies, or bluish globes dipped in carnation hues and bursting into flames of brilliant pink and



LAKE OF THE WOODS AND OBSIDIAN CLIFFS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Basin, or the Minerva Terraces, or Roth Terraces, or the walls of the Grand Canyon. Thomas Moran and the two Browns, our American and an English artist of the same name, have made splendid copies of the canyon and some of the other subjects named, but

vermillion as they explode in the sun. As you stand on the outer margin, or on one of the islets in the outer heart you become aware of a tremulous motion terminating in a slight concussion. These increase in frequency and force until you become convinced that beneath your feet there is a throbbing heart. There are deep drawn sighs terminating in a convulsive sob. Is it Evangeline agonizing over her lost lover? Are you actually treading on a bleeding heart? Looking to the south side of the crater there is a crimson current oozing away from the river. The illusion is complete. It is the bleeding heart of "Evangeline." There is perhaps nothing in all the Yellowstone Park to compare with this unique and marvelous exhibition of all the graces and all the motions that are most distinctly human.

There are in "Paranasus Basin" other springs, such as the "Raven," the outline of which suggested the name; "Fritchle's Well," "The Queen's Necklace," "The Star Spangled Banner" and "Hiawatha;" but as I am writing a chapter and not a book, the "Ruby" and "Evangeline" have been chosen as the most remarkable of the Paranasus group.

"The Seraph" is situated in the Lower Geyser Basin, near the Mammoth Geyser, and is one of the most beautiful of the gaseous variety. Its action is incessant but variable. Every few seconds there arises great globes that seem to revolve like chariot wheels as they rise toward the surface. Then they come faster and faster until they seem to glide into each other and rise into one magnificent dome of liquid splendor upon which the sunlight is reflected with a glory of coloring that equals the rainbow's prismatic hues. This magical upheaval caused by superheated gaseous globes injected into each other, seems like the creation of an invisible artist, who, during the climax of the upheaval spreads Seraphic wings, all else being invisible, and thus uplifts the dome, folds its wings and vanishes beneath the torrid waves concealing the agency that astonishes and bewilders us.

The terraces are even more wonderful in their static beauty of fanciful figures, hands white as marble, cogs and wheels involved, convoluted and complicated, the very perfection of art. Over sixty yards from the geyser the boiling water spreads over considerable surface forming a second terrace and painting the walls of Seraph Creek in colors so brilliant and dazzling that you are compelled to close your eyes until you become accustomed gradually to look upon these Seraphic walls. The sculptor who could copy the cornice work around the Seraph, and the painter who could put the walls of Seraph Creek on canvas could present to the world

two of the most marvelous subjects from Wonderland. We cannot omit some notice of the "Silver Globe Basin," situated between the mid-way and Upper Geyser Basin, and on the west side of the Fire Hole River. "Saphire Springs," being the largest and first reached on crossing the stream, is remarkable on account of the extraordinary and infinite variety of the silican processes that ornament its terraces. On the west side there is a perfectly formed serpent, extending for over twenty feet forming a serpentine rim or margin. Back of the serpent there are numerous smaller serpentine curves, and in each fold there are

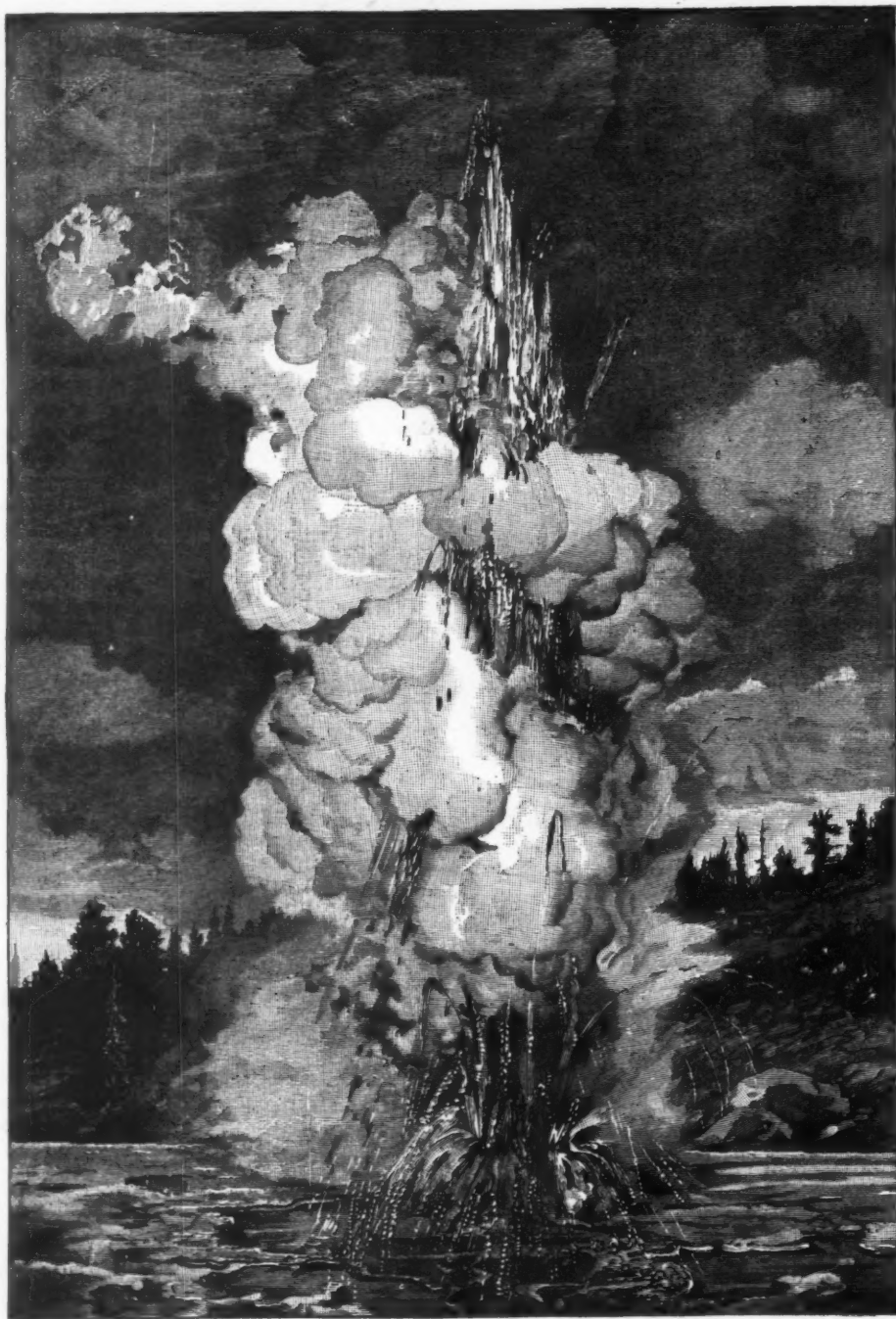
flaming colors in scarlet and gold, extending over a hundred yards, until swallowed up in the Firehole River.

This lake, for it is more than a spring, is over 155 feet in circumference; its depth is not known, but its saphire walls, with an occasional alabaster vein can be seen through the crystal water for many fathoms. Taking a cane or a piece of pine and thrusting it into this caldron an active effervescence begins, and by passing it around the edge, the whole lake is thus set in active ebullition, like the witches "Charmed Pot," in Macbeth:

"Double, double, toil and trouble
Fire burn; and caldron bubble."

The "Pearl Geyser" has an aqueous eruption of over thirty feet every five minutes. The terrace on the west side has a dark, inky hue covered with millions of small brown processes, that, at first sight, has the appearance of a swarm of bees. Upon closer inspection they are found to be a perfect circle of from one-eighth to three fourths of an inch in circumference at the base, and terminating in a small, beautiful pearl at the top. These may be examined with safety between eruptions, having a care that you are not caught and scalded by the next eruption, as it gives no preliminary warning. The writer has been twice deluged, and once severely scalded on the shoulders, having only shirt sleeves to protect him from the drops that fall like hot shot and will penetrate easily two thicknesses of linen.

A few yards further west is the "Sea Shell Geyser," having some of the same peculiarities as its mother of pearl sister. The geyser and terraces are much smaller and the eruptions less frequent. The margin of the pool or crater is buttressed by what seems great turtles creeping out of the hot water, on the back of which are myriads of bivalvular shells. On closer inspection, what seemed a turtle, has more the appearance of what in cauchology is known as the *Terebratula*, and of mammoth dimensions with myriads of bivalvular parasites subsisting upon and clinging to them. The greater resem-



NEAR VIEW OF GEYSER IN ACTION, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.
From an instantaneous photo by F. Jay Haynes.

what seems to be loaves of bread, mostly circular, and all piping hot; for the boiling water from Saphire Springs makes periodical outflows that keeps the whole bakehouse and bread warm. As you go south of the serpent the large loaves degenerate into small biscuits, and finally into the most insignificant Boston crackers. Still farther south and east the cracker-like processes become sea-shells, packed most neatly into each other with the concave surfaces upward, so that we have on this terrace a "Bakery," a "Cracker factory" a "reptilian and cauchological museum," and on the east side a magnificent flag of

blance to mammoth and minute shells established the name in preference to that of Turtle Geyser.

The "Silver Globe Geyser" from which the basin derives its name is west of the "Sea Shell" and is so remarkable, dynamically considered, as to take the first rank among the marvels of the basin, and is only surpassed by the Evangeline, on account of the greater variety of her modes of action and the beauty of her terraces.

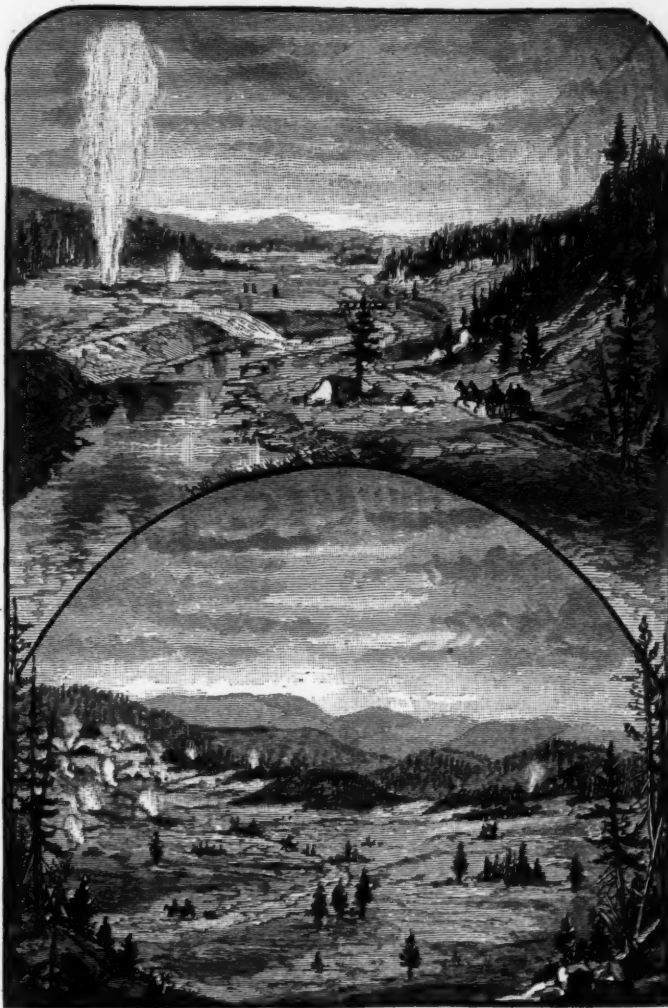
The "Silver Globe" has no terrace of solid silican such as those already named. There is a silican arch at the north end under which the main crater is

to be found, named the "Zygomatic Arch." Under this bridge the gasses ascend in the form of globes similar to the largest sized silver watches. The arch obscures the view and the walls intercept many of the globes, breaking them before they reach the surface. The open pool south of the Zygomatic Arch was first discovered and has become the all-absorbing object of interest. The crater is funnel-shaped, and seems to be lined with yellow satin that deepens into pink and crimson at the outer edges. This static glory would make it an object of surpassing loveliness and interest were there nothing more; but at intervals of five, fifteen and twenty-five minutes there are eruptions of silvery globes, as if you were looking into a furnace where the invisible fairy smelters, in sheer wantonness throw at you the "dollar of our daddies," but too hot to handle and too beautiful to be real! but there they arise visible, intangible, one at a time, quivering like flashing stars, noiseless as a gleam of light, regular in their irregularity, as the planets in their sphere!

The impression is that the first and largest globe has been cast in a mould, and that the moulder had forced in too much of the precious molten fluid; that the overflow followed the parent globe in smaller drops, one at a time, and as perfect in every respect as their parent and progenitor. There is a positive enchantment, a glamour, a witchery about this geyser that is difficult to explain but impossible to escape. You have before you a silver mine; the globe rises through a golden wall; even the spillings would make you a millionaire.

After the longest period there arises two globes of the largest size but never more than one is seen at a time. It never hurries, and it makes no delay, silent as fate, but sure as death. To see this phenomenon repeated again and again becomes a necessity, as with the gambler you hope to realize solid wealth out of this phantasmal display of bullion. You hope this spiritual globe of silver will materialise and that you can stretch forth your hand and grasp it, and while it is yet hot, stamp it with "In God we trust." "Oh, how beautiful!" "How unsubstantially real!" "How really unsubstantial!" "It comes like glory, and vanishes like a ghost!" "Like man here to-day, gone to-morrow!" "So it comes slowly, lingers a moment and is gone forever." "There are three or four times as many infant globes as there are matured, full-sized ones!" "So with me and mine there is but one assurance, the globe arises and vanishes, but other globes follow; eternal in their succession!" "In this, like men and all animated forms, each in turn gives place to a successor." "Why not retain their form?" "Why not remain in Statu quo?" "Then, why should they?" "They would crowd and jostle each other as men do."

The Silver Globe pool



EXCELSIOR GEYSER AND MIDDLE GEYSER BASIN, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

would soon become a battle field of mangled and fractured globes. "I am content!" "You are lovely just as you are. Come, oh ye jewels! one at a time, just as you are! Time and space permit you to be perfect in that you have time and space enough!" "Would you have it otherwise?" Then gaze beneath the Zygomatic Arch and behold our human world typi-

fied! See how the globes crowd each other in the shadow, crushed and bruised and broken they come helter, skelter, struggling for space. Here and there one majestic globe reaches the surface, but in the ascent a thousand minor and weaker globes have perished. Under that shadowy arch, what chorus, what anarchy reigns! Perfection and imperfection, light and shadow, glory and shame! There is one perfect globe among 10,000 mutilated fragments! Mirth and misery, as it were, rioting in a too limited alembic.

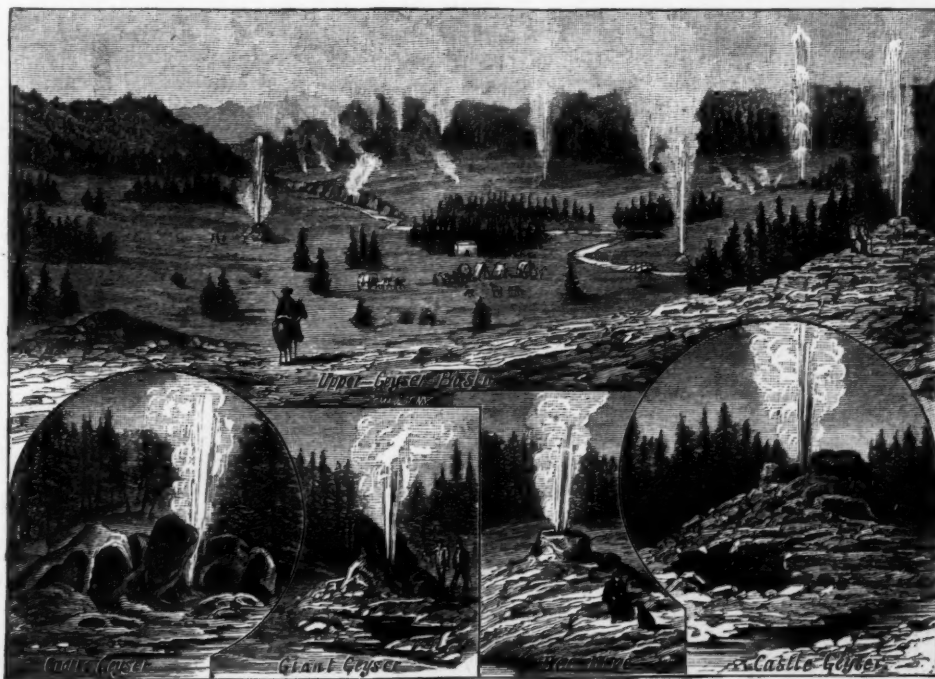
The best must be cruel in order to be! One thing is certain, the combined elements of time, ample; space, abundant; order, perfect; environment, lovely; are all found at the open pool of Silver Globe Geyser. Hence, its ineffable grace and never-falling attraction to all who have seen it.

"The Golden Bowl" is about twelve feet north of Silver Globe Geyser. It has no terrace, the walls are gorgeously tinted with blue and purple and yellow. Its action is of the same character as its neighbor's, having also two vortexes from out of which arise globes of paler hue but greater circumference. Many of these globes strike the wall and are broken before they reach the surface. At the other crater the globes are more tenacious and retain their forms after they reach the surface, assuming the form of a daisy which form they retain after floating down into the lower crater where they merge and become a daisy-like carpet, circling always in one direction. The central globule ultimately breaks up, by the pressure of those on the outer circles. It has not been watched as closely, nor has it been admired as much as its Silver Globe competitor.

The "Laocoon" is twelve yards north of the Golden Bowl. It is forty-two feet long by nine feet wide, and resembles a winged reptile. There are two effervescing points between which there is a huge coiled serpent-like formation, over and against which the seething torrent incessantly pours, and which suggested the name. West and north of the Laocoon

is one named the "Glacial Geyser." Its walls are blue, its globules are blue, and its icy appearance and bluish color suggested the name. It is a most interesting geyser, and although seldom visited, and as yet, but little known, is well worth the study of one curious to know what variations there are among a group that constitutes a single family, each having some characteristic peculiarity to itself and yet common to all.

The "Melstrom" is situated at the extreme north end of the basin, and on account of its comparative insignificance as to size and the quantity of water discharged (for it belongs to the "steam-aqueous family") it might be overlooked, in which case the visitor would miss a sight that is without parallel among all that is to be seen in the Silver Globe



A GLIMPSE OF THE UPPER GEYSER BASIN AND SOME OF THE GEYSERS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

Basin or elsewhere. The eruption occurs about every two minutes, throwing the water, with a gurgling noise, about three feet above the crater. The crater is not over one and a half feet in depth, and has the appearance of a large egg-shell cut in two. At the bottom there are three elongated openings, the center one being nearly round, the other two being about three by four inches, and separated by a thin, egg-like crust of two inches in width. Just before eruptions the water rises to a level with these openings and slyly retreats as if surprised or ashamed to come farther. A second attempt; and it succeeds in filling the lower portion of the egg, and then falls back with a peculiar whirligig motion as if frightened and in haste to get through these mouse-trap holes to its warm nest beyond the reach of inspection. After a pause of a few seconds it dashes up with great violence, filling the whole cavity, then bubbling upward above the walls it seems like a rose bush caught in a whirlwind, and if the sun shines, the outer margin breaking into great drops as in a summer shower, becomes a burning bush, for every drop seems to be a pink flame, or a multitude of small rainbows woven into golden strands of indescribable beauty. At the sudden rush of water, a stranger instinctively retreats not knowing how high or wide this brilliant coquette may throw her pretty jewels; but on returning you gather closer and behold she has woven her crystal hair in a three platted liquid braid like a Chinaman's queue, of silvery instead of raven hair. Oh! Oh!! Oh!!! Did you ever! and that is all: You have never been so surprised in all your life before. The "Maelstrom" is a water witch, a fairy! a magical weaver of rainbows, a pyromancer, a hydromancer, a florimancer, and yet you dare not take one lock of her silvery hair, nor pluck a flower, nor touch one of the jewels that she scatters as incense on her altar; hasten her coming or stop her going. She needs neither assistant nor soldier to protect her. Her egg is ever boiling, her three doors are ever open but she alone en-

ters. She comes like a novice, performs like a trained artist, and vanishes like a gleam of moonlight. She commands your homage but heeds not your applause. A beautiful subject but a dangerous object!

The "Mugwump" and the "Quaker" in the Upper

Geyser Basin are also gas-aqueous and so peculiar as to deserve some special notice. The first named is situated in one of the beautiful lakes named the "Four Sisters." It erupts every five minutes and continues in action about three. The gasses arise with such force as to lift the water in a fan-shaped globe, which explodes with a sharp noise like the crack of a whip. These are tossed out in every direction, with great rapidity, suggesting the explosion of Chinese crackers on a 4th of July. In 1884, just before election, a party was much entertained by this impetuous and irrepressible disturber of the otherwise peaceful, "Four Sisters." One lady remarked: "Well, I should say, that is the clown of the geysers;" "a magnificent kicker," said another; "a Mugwump, and no mistake," said a third, amid roars of laughter, and "Mugwump" it has remained ever since.

The Quaker is near the

"Beach" on the east side of the Firehole River, and not far from the Giantess Geyser. It was not known to have any special mode of action until the summer of 1886, when on stepping over at a narrow isthmus that almost cuts the geyser in two, I noticed that the ground on which I stood moved slowly up and down as if one were standing on the breast of a sleeping giant, whose breathing, with an occasional sigh or shiver, kept up the quaking motion that suggested the name. Stepping back to the solid terrace and stooping, one could see that a thin silicon crust of two or three inches was all that stood between us and death. The seething caldron beneath was giving forth imprisoned gasses at both extremities, and caused the regular raising and lowering of the terrace as described. Many people have stood on this terrace at one time, and have felt this "sensible warm motion" and dangerous quaking, which with the addition of the "last feather" that would have broken this quaking terrace down, they would have gone into a boiling, bottomless abyss. I suggested to Ass't Superintendent Weimer, then in charge of the Upper Basin, that only a limited number be permitted to stand on the thin, laminated wall at one time, and that danger notices be posted up near the crossing to prevent any possible accident. The periods and duration of these eruptions are not known. The indications are that the boiling lake rises and falls, while discharging its superheated gasses, causing the rise and fall of the terrace on the east side, accompanied by a slight overflow at the end next the "Lyon Geyser."

All who have read about, or visited Yellowstone Park know about the great steam-aqueous geysers, such as "Old Faithful," the "Bee hive," the "Grand" and the "Splendid," in the Upper Geyser Basin, and the "Fountain," the "Mammoth," the "Black Warrior" and the "Venus" in the Lower Basin, also the "Vixen," the "Tiger," "Double Crater" and "Monarch" in Norris Basin, all of which have been or may be photographed. In these the water accumulates in



TOWER FALLS, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.



OLD FAITHFUL GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.



BEE HIVE GEYSER, YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

subterranean chambers until the compressed steam forces the water upward, varying in height from three to 300 feet.

They are indeed very wonderful as exhibitions of the great forces of nature, and will ever be a great attraction. No two are exactly alike as to cone, crater or mode of action. But to the student, the thinker, the poet, the gas-aqueous geysers are by far the most interesting.

The spouting whale is an object of interest, no doubt, but as compared with man, the master spirit that rules the terrestrial globe; he who captures and conquers and subdues not only fish and fowl and beast, but even the elements, compelling them to serve him—is as much more interesting than the whale, as is the gas-aqueous, than the steam-aqueous geysers, which I have endeavored to describe mostly in this brief sketch of Wonderland.

G. L. HENDERSON.

LIBERTY CAP.

["Liberty Cap," in the Yellowstone National Park, is an extinct geyser cone, forty-seven feet high and 100 feet in circumference at the base. It looks like a silent sentinel guarding the gate of Wonderland; or like an ancient witness who could, if it would, reveal the sealed secrets of the past. It has more faces than Janus and more eyes than the fabled Argus. It is the first object that meets the eye at the foot of the Terraces of whom and for whom it lived and moved and had its being.]

Hail Sphinx of the Yellowstone, hail!
Queen of the Terraces, wrinkled and old,
Standing alone in the pitiless cold;
I pray thee, thy secrets unveil,
Oh! tell us the marvelous tale
Of Wonderland, at whose gate ye stand.

What meaneth thy faces of stone?
Why, one looking north one looking south,
Eastward and Westward? Each grimly shut mouth
Might speak and reveal the unknown
Of the years and centuries gone.
In Wonderland, at whose gates ye stand!

Ho! Wizzard why thy snow white hood?
Speak! Had ye children, and are they all dead?
Have ye a body supporting your head?
Is silence eternal, thy mood?
On the dead or dying ye brood?
In Wonderland, at whose gates ye stand!

Oh, bodiless, pitiful head!
Held by dread fate, to a terrible doom;
Breathing the air, but thy feet in the tomb;
One half living, and one half dead;
Fires below on thy substance fed,
In Wonderland, at whose gates ye stand!

Like mortal man from earth ye came,
And like mortal man, back to dust must go,
And thy tomb lies wide and deep below.
Begotten, ye, of flood and flame
A sad misnomer is thy name,
As in Wonderland condemned ye stand.

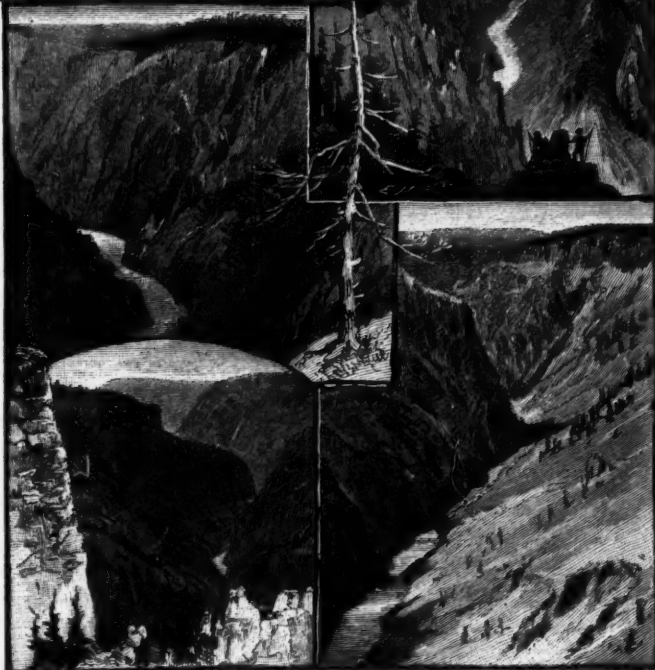
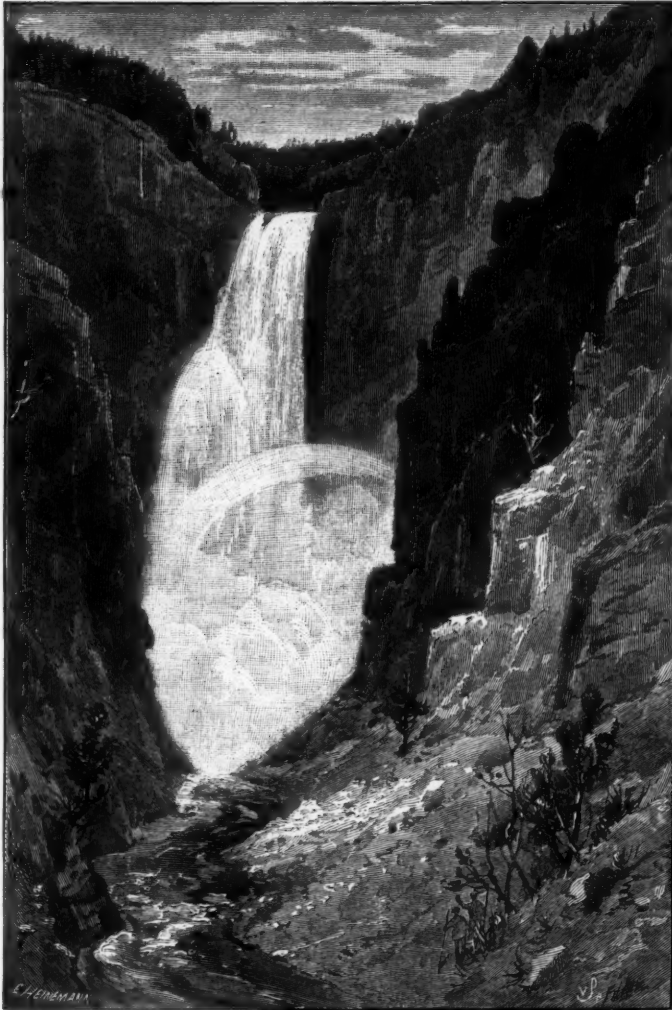
Ye mock my prayers! Dumb demon go!
Though thy centuries may outcount my years;
Though the Boiling River was once thy tears.
Ye nothing know, I care to know!
And yet, your faces perplex me so,
In Wonderland, at whose gates ye stand.

G. L. HENDERSON.

For The Northwest Magazine.

IN THE JUDITH BASIN.

A few years ago the now flourishing Territory of Montana was so little known, that to the people of



GREAT FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE AND VIEWS IN THE GRAND CANYON.

Congress to connect the Atlantic and Pacific by rail, Thomas H. Benton advocated building the road through what is now Montana, in preference to the proposed route now occupied by the Central and Union Pacific, remarking that the buffalo were the most reliable engineers for determining the most feasible route, as they always leave the plains of Nebraska and Colorado and go north for the winter. It has since been foreseen that his conclusions, then a subject of ridicule, were founded on sound logic.

In 1857 there were only known to be thirty white men in what is now the Territory of Montana. In 1862 gold was discovered in Beaverhead County, and in 1863 Alder Gulch was discovered and the famous stampede began which first brought Montana into notice, and was the beginning of that tide of emigration which has ever since been flowing into its borders. Eastern Montana, then comparatively unknown, is now acknowledged to be the finest grazing country in the Northwest, while its mineral and agricultural resources are second to no other part of the Territory. Surpassing all the rest of Eastern Montana in natural resources is the newly formed County of Fergus. It lies south of the Missouri River, east of the Little Belt and Highwood Mountains, and west and north of the Musselshell River. The garden spot of this county is the Judith Basin, embracing the western half of it, and offering an inviting field to energetic people of all occupations—the farmer, stockman, miner manufacturer and merchant. It is rich in mineral, agricultural and grazing resources, its plains are covered with nutritious grasses, its fertile meadow and bottom

lands yielding abundant return to the husbandman.

Its numerous streams furnish abundant water for stock and manufacturing purposes as well. Like all other sections of the country, the Judith was first brought into notice through mining excitements. Previous to 1879 the country was the favorite hunting ground of Crow, Gros Vents, Piegan, Blood, Black Feet and Sioux Indians, who came here in pursuit of the countless kinds of buffalo and other game. Occasionally a few honest (?) traders bartered with the simple Aborigines in fair exchange! gave whiskey and beads for skins and horses, taking the precaution always to remove the plunder and their own skins before the exhilarating effect of the fire water had entirely died away.

The first settlers were those who came in during the mining excitement and seeing the great possibilities of the country, decided to make their homes here. They suffered great hardship for the first year, having to watch their stock closely, and often having it stolen, not always by Indians, as there were oftentimes whites in league with them. At that time, Fort Benton, fifty miles north of the basin, at the

the United States, it was regarded simply as so much space and almost impassable barrier separating the rich alluvial soil of the Pacific slope from the fertile bottoms of the Mississippi and its tributaries. In the year 1850, when a bill was first introduced before

head of navigation on the Missouri, and Coulson, a mile and a half from the now flourishing city of Billings, on the Northern Pacific Railroad, the head of navigation on the Yellowstone, 250 miles apart, were not in communication; while now they are connected

by a daily stage which passed through several flourishing villages, the most prominent of which is Philbrook, prettily situated on the Judith River. It has two church organizations, a fine school, and the only bridge across the river, which with its central location, brings a good deal of travel to the place, and doubtless, at no distant day will be a place of some importance. The increase in population has been very rapid, considering there is no line of railroad yet in the basin. There were but a handful of settlers here in 1880 and at the last November election there were about 600 votes cast by permanent settlers, a sure indication of the appreciation in which the country is held.

This seems to be a railroad-building era, and without doubt many miles of road will be built in Montana before the year closes. The Manitoba Company is vigorously pushing its Devil's Lake extension westward with Helena as its objective point, and will undoubtedly touch the head of navigation of the Missouri at some point at or near Fort Benton. Should this road be constructed, it will be much the nearest one to the basin and its natural outlet, unless the Northern Pacific builds its branch from Billings to the Bull Mountain coal fields and so on into the basin, as we are informed they contemplate doing at no distant day, having made a preliminary survey.

E. J. M.

For The Northwest Magazine.

CYCLONES AND BLIZZARDS.

The term cyclone as applied to the inland tornado of the United States is entirely incorrect. Cyclones originate within the tropics, but never on the equator. They are circular storms of vast extent and of long continuance. The West Indian hurricane, which is of cyclonic origin, sometimes spreads till it covers half the surface of the North Atlantic Ocean before it entirely exhausts itself. The tornado is a traveling whirlwind of narrow breadth and short duration. Leave the cyclone to its proper clime; the tornado is sufficient for us.

While the tornado is not unknown in Minnesota and Dakota, it is not as common in the Northwest as further south.

Tornadoes are neither new nor increasing in number. The first one recorded is described as follows: "There came a great wind from the wilderness, and smote the four corners of the house, and it fell upon the young men, and they are dead."

The blizzard belongs to the great northwestern prairies, and is unknown east of the Big Woods of Minnesota. There never has been a blizzard in the vicinity of St. Paul. Leave the blizzard also in its proper home. Even there blizzards are not very common. There has been no real blizzard in Minnesota or Dakota for several winters past.

When the great prairies of Dakota are all under cultivation, and belts of timber surround every farm, and trees border all the roads, blizzards will be unknown.

J. W. BOXELL.

FREE LANDS GOING FAST.

Every train brings in a lot of new settlers, who don't let the grass grow under their feet to any great extent while making a rush to get some of the virgin dirt lying around loose in this vicinity. And their haste and anxiety is commendable, for the time is rapidly approaching when free lands for the homeless will not be had for the taking. It will not be long till lands now selling for from \$300 to \$500 a quarter will be scarce and hard to get at from \$1,500 to \$2,500. Many an old-timer who came to Dakota eight to ten years ago can look back at the golden opportunities he has lost, in not taking land at Government price, now worth in some cases, as much for an acre as a quarter section was then worth. Such experience will be the experience of others, who neglect to take advantage of the present low prices for land. Low prices may prevail for a time, but a rise will surely come in the future. So catch on now.—*Boulder Pioneer*

For The Northwest Magazine.

PIONEER LIFE IN WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

I.

Taking Up a Ranch.

"Tis easier to bear the ills we have
Than fly to others that we know not of."

This little poetic aphorism sounds very well in theory, but will not work smoothly in practical experience. Everybody knows how easy it is to imagine that one's present lot and surroundings are quite intolerable, and that any change can only be for the better. If the pioneer citizens of this western country had not preferred to risk the unknown ills to the galling ones they already endured, our enlightened and prosperous Inland Empire would still be a savage wilderness, and her population of enterprising and aggressive young farmers, tradesmen and mechanics, would still be struggling in the over-crowded ranks of their competitors in older states.

As long as the ambitious youth and aspiring maiden have the shelter of the comfortable parental home, and the assistance of opulent and influential friends in every crisis, there is little incentive to ambition, beyond the fiction of "paying their way," and living within their income: knowing that if they fail in either, Providence, in the guise of some sympathetic relative, will come to the rescue. But, suppose the family grows too numerous and expensive for the paternal income; suppose the elder children marry and receive liberal assistance, and afterward, death and financial disaster leave the others homeless and portionless; suppose any of the countless turns of the wheel leave our callow friends stranded upon their own resources, in a state of society which is crowded with others in like predicament. Upon the word of one, or two, or several, who have been right there, it is a bleak and rocky, and barren and unknown shore, for a while. Some, thus shipwrecked, perish of starvation, some ship in the first passing craft, merchantman or pirate, seaworthy or sinking; some drag out a miserable existence, feeding upon the false pride which was their only salvage from the wreck.

Another class—and they are the material of which our best pioneers are made—attack and conquer the stubborn soil of those inhospitable shores; and Crusoe-like, finding somewhere in the seams of their old clothes the seeds of individuality, pluck and independence, sow them in spite of every difficulty, for the harvest which is to feed themselves and their posterity. Will our young samples of this sort meekly "endure the ills they have?" Will they—accustomed to refinement and luxuries, just married, perhaps, or about to be, and at rivalry with others like themselves, schoolmates, brothers and sisters, who are in affluent circumstances—will they cower beneath adverse fortunes? accept the grudging charity of friends? or struggle against sharp competition, to keep up appearances upon the pittance that their half-skilled hands and wits can earn? Let us hope not. Let us hope that, rather, they will say "These ills are unendurable, let us fly to something we know not of."

Right here, let me remark that it is not common for the same persons to go pioneering more than once in a lifetime. The ills that are unknown have the glamour and enchantment of distance, but a few years experience of hardships and deprivations, of isolation from society and the comforts of life, of rude locomotion and working without tools, of hauling water and digging where water is not, of Indian scares and prairie-fires; a few years of this, I say, is likely to prove very satisfying.

But let us accompany our young adventurers to their destination, a new ranch upon the virgin soil of Washington Territory. They have probably sufficient means to purchase teams and farming implements, cookstove and provisions, and to make the improvements required by the land laws. If not, they must make shift to earn them in some way, before locating. Perhaps they can get some remunerative work in the nearest town—no matter what—all

new-comers work at whatever honest job offers—if they are the right sort—teaming, clerking, school-teaching, farming on shares, anything to get a start. Quick friendships, and often lasting ones, spring up among the unconventional citizens of these new towns, and it is almost like leaving home again when our young couple at last depart, with their modest household goods, for their new home. The "goods" have mostly gone on, however, in the shape of a load of lumber, to be transformed into deities anon; but there are the trunks and bedding, the cookstove and the boxes of wedding gifts—some of these quite incongruous to their present surroundings—there is three months provision for themselves and team, there is a big dog, and a little kitten, the one for protection, the other for company, during the long, lonely days. If they are especially fortunate, there is a coop full of chickens in the wagon, and a cow following, else leading the expedition.

The way is long—twenty, perhaps thirty miles—with few settlers intervening (this is a retrospective picture) the valleys are deep, and the hills are stupendous; they can travel but slowly, and provision must be made for camping. By night they must reach the canyon of a certain stream.

It is dark before they come to a halt: not at a comfortable wayside inn, my helpless tenderfoot—but alone, under the darkness of the overhanging trees. The first experience in camping out is apt to prove somewhat bewildering and unsatisfactory, but a little practice soon brings proficiency and a grand feeling of independence. The tired animals are fed, a camp-fire lights up the little circle of figures and trees, supper is cooked and eaten—and with what a relish—their blankets are spread for the night in the wagon, or perhaps on the ground, with the sky for a canopy, the animals for sentinels, the rushing stream for a lullaby.

Perhaps on the last end of their journey it becomes necessary to travel far into night, or they may have missed their way in crossing some trackless prairie in the dark. The load is heavy and the team tired. Our passengers will walk up the hills to spare the horses. Perhaps the night is chill or rainy, or the cayotes—so wild they know no fear—come near with frightful howlings. Never mind, it is a homeward journey, and the little 12x12 cabin which looms in sight at last, has more attractions for them than the stateliest buildings on earth.

The claim has not been jumped; they have prevented that by carefully fulfilling the law, and it is too much isolated to be attractive to claim-jumpers, anyway. No one has been near it since their last visit, weeks before. The bunch-grass is killed all around the cabin, by stock which have taken shelter in its shade. A board is nailed over the one window. A lazy owl sails off from the roof. The field-mice scuttle out through the cracks in the floor as the key is turned. Four bare walls and a roof, perhaps with cracks not even battened, but it is home, at last, and a grand and uplifting sense of proprietorship comes with the thought of the 160 fair and fertile acres which appertain thereunto; a new feeling of importance in being the first settlers, a fever of ambition to make this a very Paradise of homes.

Perhaps it is autumn, and the white fog—a feature of our winters—settles down still and freezing, for weeks, until everything is feathered and furred with frost. Perhaps they see scarcely a human being, except each other, for days, perhaps scarcely see each other by the short daylight. But there is no time to be dull, or lonely. So many hundred things to do. The wood must be hauled from the mountains, twelve, fourteen, sixteen miles away, and a shelter built for the stock; the house must be finished and furnished from the precious pile of lumber outside. Oh! the days are not long enough for everything.

Once a week a load of water must be hauled from the nearest spring, unless snow falls in sufficient quantity to melt; once a day there is a walk to the mail-box—the only link with the outside world—stuck up beside the stage road across the prairie, where, mayhap, the kindly driver has deposited a

letter from home or schoolmates, or the weekly papers and magazines.

Stock-hunters ride up to the door of the cabin and startle the inmates with stentorian "halloes!" to be petrified in their turn at the sight of a feminine face and a white apron. Of a still evening no sound comes over the miles and miles of vacant prairie, save the sighing of the wind, the hooting of owls, or the howling of coyotes.

Spring comes. There are no new clothes, young woman, no Easter bonnets, no money to buy any. Not even a place to wear your old ones. A quarter or half dollar paid by a passing traveller for a meal is a Godsend in these days. But there is a fence about the house and garden, and perhaps, also a tiny kitchen, laboriously built by two pairs of hands, there is a bit of garden, and perhaps a flower bed, there are broods of chickens, there is the beginning of a well, and there is the rumor of a town laid off, and post-office established on the nearest stream. The land adjoining, which a month ago was all vacant is being rapidly taken up. From the hill tops around the cabin can be seen a few shining new claim shanties amid the trackless sea of green. By and by a family moves into the one only a couple of miles away, and a social call—great event—is in order. It is like a voyage of discovery to a pioneer woman. This call upon a stranger in a strange land. If she array herself in bridal hat and best kid gloves, she may find her splendor wasted upon an unintelligible slattern from North Carolina, and if she go humbly clad in sun-bonnet and cotton gloves, she may sink with mortification beneath the inspection of a former society belle from Massachusetts. Diplomacy and common sense are often called into requisition in pioneer society. The majority, however, of the settlers of our Territory have been well-to-do people from the states east of the Mississippi River; sociable, intelligent and thrifty.

Many families come as the summer advances; there are half a dozen neighbors within a range of as many miles, and there are little social events; a musical Sunday evening with organ and guitar; a trip on horseback to see the first little white (or pink) native of the township; a visit from a friend who comes on the stage from the far-away town to see how you are prospering; and a dinner or tea-party, which displays the almost forgotten best table linen, and bridal silver. Perhaps the rosy-cheeked maiden, from the dugout in a neighboring gulch, comes over, in a pink apron and blue sun-bonnet, bringing a pan of yellow sugar and blushing craves the gift of a few eggs, and the assistance of Madame in compounding a wedding cake, with a cordial invitation to the festivities, which will include dancing in the new barn. Something new to do, to enjoy, or to endure bravely every day.

In the autumn, some windy day, a red glare appears along the distant hill-tops, and there is hasty plowing and back-firing, and beating with wet blankets, to check the advance of the flames, and save the precious pasture for horses and cow.

And a year is gone; and other years go on. It takes great and ceaseless toiling of two pairs of empty hands to fence the ranch, to plow the land, and get in the crops, to earn the necessary money to obtain the patent. Everything helps. A job of carpenter work for the neighbor who has no tools; a little plowing for one who has no team; a little school or music teaching, or a lot of sewing or mending for old bachelor neighbors. It has been a struggle with lots of incident and variety—enjoyable on the whole, and rich in experience—but after all, one would hardly wish to repeat it. It is much pleasanter to enjoy the reward; to see the snug and comfortable farm buildings spring up in place of sheds and shanties, to see good fences and thrifty crops in place of an unbroken sea of bunch-grass. To see substantial school-houses, telegraph and telephone lines and flourishing little towns, and incoming railroads, to ride to church or town in hacks and carriages, or take a trip back to the staid old Eastern home, and the half-forgotten friends and surroundings of childhood.

Still, we have but made the beginning. Our beloved Territory is yet in its infancy. There are ample facilities yet, for a host of ardent young heads and hands to expend their energies among us. There is still land to improve, towns to build, and railroads and telegraphs to construct.

The completion of the Northern Pacific Railroad was an event that the pioneers of Washington Territory hardly hoped to live to see, yet it came, and few of their heads are gray set. Our Territory, which, but yesterday was so isolated, and undeveloped, and sparsely populated, is now the terminus of a great transcontinental thoroughfare, is daily increasing its wealth in internal improvements, in agriculture, and the exports of forests and mines, and has long been eligible by every right, to admission to the Union of States.

What may not another decade bring forth? Well may the citizens of Washington Territory look back with pride upon the record of the last ten years, and forward, with high hope and courage for the future.

TIMOTHY.

THE O. R. & N.

From the Portland Oregonian.

No one, it may be supposed, is authorized to say why Messrs. Prescott and Rowe have resigned their positions; but it is not difficult to imagine that they are tired of a situation that exposes them to difficulties which they have no power to meet or avert. The business of the company is not managed here, but in New York. To meet its multitude of details, very full discretionary power ought to be lodged in the hands of the principals here. No great business can be managed at such a distance with best results to itself, or with fairly satisfactory results to the country. The nominal managers here, having no real power in their hands, are unable to do what they cannot but see ought to be done; they are forced to turn a deaf ear to the appeals, complaints and remonstrances of the country, and to take upon themselves the blame for a policy which they are powerless to change.

The general management of the O. R. & N. Company is not a judicious one. It is too selfish and short-sighted even for its own interests. It makes no concessions to the country; it exacts more than it ought from competing roads. It ought, long before this, as *The Oregonian* has frequently urged, to have reduced the rate on wheat and given some measure of relief to the industry of the interior. Its wheat rate is excessive, unconscionable. And not on wheat alone, but also on the general produce of the country there ought to have been a reasonable reduction long since. Refusal to do this seems to the country the climax of injustice and greed. Everything else has responded to the demand of the times for lower prices and so ought these railway rates. The O. R. & N. has created by its policy an intense feeling against itself throughout Eastern Oregon and Eastern Washington. The people are full of resentment, and will take the earliest opportunity for retaliation. Wrath is piling up against the day of wrath; and the management of the road tries to be oblivious of it by keeping at a distance and out of hearing.

Holding thus far the key to western terminal business, the O. R. & N. has acted as illiberally with connecting railway lines as it has with producers within its own territory. Out of sixty-five cents per 100 pounds, charged on freight from the East, it takes twenty-eight cents for its own comparatively short mileage. The Northern will soon be able to escape this by its line over the mountains, and we have hoped that the Union would be able to escape it by taking a lease of the O. R. & N. But consummation of this last seems uncertain. Indeed, now it is hardly to be expected. Probably the Union concludes that it would be better to submit to the exactions of the O. R. & N. than to take the lease and guarantee six per cent. on that company's stock and bonds, especially since it appears probable that the O. R. & N. will soon have competition that will reduce its earning power. Moreover the Union cannot but see that

the rates of the O. R. & N. must be reduced, and that the "investment," as it stands on the books, like that of many other roads, is too big for the net income it expects and tries to make.

Mr. Elijah Smith, when asked to reduce the wheat rate, has invariably answered that the company was entitled to an income of six per cent. on its investment, and that reduction of the rate was incompatible with obtainment of this return. This, however, is not a conclusive answer. The cost of the property stands on the books of the company at about \$40,000,000. It is certain, however, that the property could be duplicated now for less than \$25,000,000. The other \$15,000,000 represent waste and water. The lines were built with a rush, when materials and labor were at highest prices. They were constructed on the principle that money was no object whatever. Prodigality everywhere was the rule. In this way millions were wasted. Again, by purchase of the property of the O. S. N. Co. money was thrown away. The railway line along the Columbia River, built as soon as possible, superseded the old steamboat and portage line, and thus by the action of the purchasers themselves, a property for which \$5,000,000 had been paid was annihilated, or reduced to a "franchise," and a lot of steamboats of which the company had no need. The "water" in the stock and bonds also stands for a large sum, but less in fact than in case of most other roads of equal extent.

But a property that can be duplicated for \$25,000,000 or less cannot expect to make a 6 per cent. net return on \$40,000,000; and it is not just to the country to attempt it. It is an effort, moreover, that will fail, because it requires rates so high that the productive power of the country cannot advance, and the road cannot, therefore, increase the volume of its business. Must then the \$15,000,000 be lost? This is what has happened over and over with roads not judiciously constructed; it is happening every day in every kind of business. Imprudent expenditure cannot justly insist upon a right to recoup; it has no right to expect to repair its own loss, whether by waste or misfortune, at the expense of the country. Much the same principal must be asserted in regard to the Northern and Union; it was applied with the rigor of necessity some years ago to the O. & C., wiping out the stock of the road altogether, and now it is applied also to the bonds of the road, wiping out a large part of them. The Union for years have been struggling with its load, and whether it will struggle through or not, may depend on the leniency of the Government. The Northern is loaded up to a point which taxes its present resources and even begins to discount the future, and no one can say as to either of these roads what the outcome will be.

It is not possible for Mr. Elijah Smith to enforce permanently his 6 per cent. policy on the \$40,000,000 of the stocks and bonds of the O. R. & N. The country cannot stand it, and persistence in the effort to make the country stand it will cut down production throughout the country and make increase of earnings for the road impossible. Upon the \$40,000,000 basis 3 per cent. is all the country can pay; but upon the \$25,000,000 basis, which would be all it would cost to duplicate the property of the company, 5 per cent. could be very conveniently earned, and the country would not grudge the owners of the property their just enjoyment of the return, which certainly is a fair net return on money in large sums.

The number of letters being received at the Northern Pacific land office in Portland from intending immigrants is reported very large—more than three times greater than ever before. They come from every State in the Union, and from Denmark, Sweden, Norway, and of late, many from Germany. The talk of war there is evidently causing many to wish to depart to some place where the revengeful Frenchman is not likely to come prancing around seeking whom he may devour. The company's agent is kept busy day and night addressing information to the different anxious inquirers in a dozen different languages. The largest immigration ever known is to be expected in the New Northwest this year.

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ST. PAUL AND MINNEAPOLIS, MAY, 1887.

GRAY'S HARBOR, on the Pacific coast of Washington Territory, is fast gaining in population and business, and the whole Chehalis Valley, of which the Harbor is the seaport town, is rapidly filling up with substantial settlers. It will not be more than a year or two before there will be traffic enough in sight in this rich valley to stimulate the construction of a railroad leaving the Northern Pacific line at Centralia or Chehalis and following the river down to the coast.

A CHANGE has been made in the programme for celebrating the opening of the Cascade Division of the Northern Pacific Railroad. Owing to the difficulty of stopping long trains on the crest of the mountain, the celebration will take place in Tacoma. A committee of citizens of that town will go up to the summit of Stampede Pass to meet the excursionists from Eastern Washington and the whole party will then return to Tacoma, where there will be an enthusiastic time, ending with an illumination of the city in the evening. It is expected that all the towns of both Western and Eastern Washington will be represented by large delegations.

A STEADY current of immigration is setting into Dakota this spring, composed in the main of a substantial class of farmers, who are well posted in advance on the drawbacks as well as the advantages of the country. Every country has its drawbacks and Dakota is not an earthly paradise. These new settlers understand that the winters are long and cold, but they know that the climate is healthful and enjoyable, that the out-door working season is about as long as it is in Wisconsin and Northern Illinois, owing to the almost entire absence of spells of disagreeable wet weather in the spring and fall, and that nowhere else in the West is there so much rich prairie land still in possession of the Government,

and to be had for nothing by homesteaders. In fact there is scarcely any good farming land for homestead settlers that requires neither clearing nor irrigation, to be found save in Dakota.

THE Fort Benton *River Press* is rejoicing over the indications of unexampled activity and prosperity for that old and historic town at the head of navigation on the Missouri. The *Press* thinks that the Interstate Commerce Bill is going to help all river towns and that a larger amount of goods than ever before will be brought into the place by steamboats for distribution to other Montana towns. We doubt this. The navigation of the Upper Missouri is so much obstructed by sand bars that only light draught boats can run; fuel for the boats is scarce and dear, and the tortuous channel of the river makes the voyage a tedious one. We question whether the steamboats will be able to compete with the new railroad which will be opened to Fort Benton the coming summer. The town will profit largely, however, by the opening of the railroad.

THE Spokane & Palouse Railroad in Eastern Washington is to be extended in a southerly direction this season for a distance of about sixty-five miles, which will bring it to what is known as the Genesee country, an exceedingly rich farming region lying immediately north of the junction of the Snake and Clearwater rivers. Paul Mohr, the chief engineer of the road is already in the field and Nelson Bennett, the builder of the great Stampede Tunnel, has the contract for the construction. Emigrants to Washington Territory who are in search of rich farming land and a beautiful climate would do well to prospect the country through which this extension is to run. It is a rolling bunch grass prairie with a very deep soil, producing large crops of wheat and other small grains. Fruit trees thrive well and timber is close at hand on the slopes of the neighboring mountains.

LAKE PEND D'OREILLE.

The narrow northern end of Idaho, that is thrust up between Montana and Washington and is seeking political union with the latter Territory, contains a mountain lake of rare beauty. Lake Pend d'Oreille, named by the early French voyageurs from its resemblance in shape to the pendant ear-rings worn at the time it was discovered, is not surpassed for wild natural beauty by any lake on the American continent, and invites comparison of its natural features with such famous European lakes as Luzerne, Zurich, Como and Maggiore. The Cabinet Mountains border its eastern shore and from its southern and western shores rise in sheer precipices and steep, snow-flecked slopes the giants of the Bitter Root and Cœur d'Alene ranges. The highest peaks of these ranges have an altitude of over 10,000 feet. The immediate shores of the lake are covered with an open growth of evergreen trees, and the ground is thickly carpeted with grass and flowers. Many swift trout streams run into it. Its chief inflowing river, as well as its outlet, is the Clarke's Fork of the Columbia. On sunny days the waters of the lake are of many hues of an indescribably beautiful green color. Its greatest length is about thirty miles and its average breadth ten.

Hitherto this charming lake has seldom been visited by tourists and has been seen only from the car windows and platforms of passing trains. There have been no accommodations for visitors, the only habitations on the shores being the huts of timber cutters and the tepees of the harmless Kootenai Indians, except at the little village of Sand Point, where there are a few traders' stores. A pretty little hotel for summer visitors has just been completed at Hope, on the eastern shore of the lake and convenient to a station on the Northern Pacific Railroad; and transcontinental travellers can now break their journey at a place which combines more beauties of lake and mountain scenery than can be found elsewhere this side of Switzerland. Lake Pend d'Oreille has peculiar advantages for a summer resort, beside its sublime

scenic features. Its remoteness from civilization is a special charm. Then there is excellent fishing, deer, elk and mountain lions can be shot in the woods; sandy beaches invite to bathing and shady, grassy banks to camping; for sailing and rowing the lovely lake stretches out its arms into many a sheltered cove and bay and around many verdant islands; the elevation is about 3,000 feet above the sea level, which ensures cool nights; the mountains tempt the hardy climber, who knows the incomparable exhilaration felt by those who mount to lofty summits, over rock and snow, and look off on illimitable horizons. In time this distant and lovely Idaho lake must become known to thousands of lovers of nature. It is well worth going even further than two-thirds of the way across the continent to see.

APPROACHING COMPLETION OF THE N. P. RAILROAD.

About the first of June the Northern Pacific Railroad will run its solid trains over its own road all the way from St. Paul to its Pacific terminal points at Tacoma and Portland. The switch-back line across the Cascade Mountains, over the great tunnel now fast piercing the summit of the Stampede Pass, will then be opened and the Northern will no longer be dependent upon the O. R. & N. Company for access to the shipping ports of the North Pacific Coast. In a few months more the big tunnel will be finished, but the N. P. management was not willing to wait another year for facilities for moving the grain crop of Eastern Washington to the sea, and hence have hastened the union of two sections of the Territory by building a temporary overhead road.

It will be on the summit of the Cascade Mountains that "the last spike" on the Northern Pacific will be driven. The celebration of 1883, in the Rocky Mountains was appropriate at that time, for Henry Villard was President of the road running down the Columbia River as well as of the Northern Pacific, and his remarkable international excursion party commemorated the opening of an unbroken rail route under his management from the East to the Pacific tide-water at Portland. When he retired from railroad work, after the financial crisis of that year, the two corporations fell apart; the O. R. & N. began to court the favor of the Union Pacific with a view of throwing itself into the arms of that company and the Northern was left with a terminus in the desert at Wallulula, 215 miles from Portland, and was forced to concede the lion's share of all receipts for through business to the unfriendly warder that held the only open gateway to the Pacific coast. For a mileage of only about one-tenth of the distance from St. Paul to Portland, the O. R. & N. exacted about one-third of the through freight and passenger rates. Self preservation demanded that the N. P. should get to the sea over its own road. At the same time its duty to the people of Washington Territory required it to aid their development by building on its original chartered line to Puget Sound and enabling them to surmount the barrier of the mountain wall that has thus far completely isolated one-half of the Territory from its seaboard region. Both these ends are accomplished by the completion of the Cascade Division.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for June will contain an illustrated article describing the resources of the new regions traversed by the Cascade Division—the coal fields of Roslyn, Wilkeson and Carbonado, the irrigated valleys drained by the Yakima River, the vast forests of cedar, spruce and pine on the slopes of the Cascade Mountains; the immense cattle ranges that lie between the eastern slope of the mountains and the Upper Columbia River, and the productive hop-growing valleys on their western slope. It will also contain an illustrated article on the Northern Pacific terminal city of Tacoma, showing its commercial advantages, the beauty of its location and surroundings and the chief features of its remarkable recent growth. This will be an exceptionally interesting number to all who contemplate emigrating to the Pacific Northwest.



THE St. Paul real estate boomers have their eyes on Bismarck, Dakota. Two railroads are pointing in that direction, the neighboring farming country is steadily filling up and it cannot be long before the town will be ready to take a big stride ahead. Bismarck has been very quiet for the last three years, but no one who has carefully studied its geographical situation and evident advantages as a center for trade, has ever doubted that it is destined eventually to become a considerable city.

At last there is to be a smelter in the Colville mining district of Washington Territory, and the district will soon have a chance to show what it has got in the way of good silver bearing veins. Thus far only such mines could be worked as yielded ore of such exceptional richness that it could profitably be sorted on the dumps and the best of it hauled eighty miles in wagons and then shipped nearly 2,000 miles to the reduction works at Omaha. One successful smelter will be the pioneer of many others. By another year the project of a railroad to the Colville Valley will assume a business-like aspect. A great mining camp is likely to spring up where two years ago Indians and half breeds were the only inhabitants.

AN unexpected result of the Inter-State Commerce law is the immediate and serious reduction of the receipts of the Pullman Company. Almost all the people who traveled on railroad passes paid tribute to the Pullman sleepers. They could afford to make themselves comfortable as long as they had no railroad tickets to buy. Now by far the larger part of the great army of dead-heads stay at home and many of those who are forced by business necessity to travel manage to get along for a single night in the day coaches. An old Pullman conductor on the N. P. told me lately that the estimated loss to the Pullman company by the abolition of the pass system was thirty per cent. of its gross earnings. On the N. P. he thought it would be fully fifty per cent.

TACOMA is growing rapidly this spring. A number of brick business blocks are being erected and the new dwellings are counted by the score. The approaching completion of the Cascade Division has given a fresh stimulus to the Terminal City. Never before in its history have the citizens felt as confident of its future greatness. On the 11th of April I saw eight large ships loading lumber at its wharves for Australian or South American ports, four vessels loading with coal at the great coal bunkers and two lying at anchor in the bay, where the newspapers of a rival town have foolishly asserted that no anchorage can be found. The current estimate of the population of Tacoma is 9,000. At least 2,000 having been added during the last twelve months.

BOSTON used to be called the metropolis of "isms." Many of the old isms, like Abolitionism, have long ago worked out into great achievements. Minneapolis, our western Boston is also fruitful in new movements, agitations and reforms. In religion, alongside of the most conservative orthodoxy, one finds almost every phase of liberal faith and speculative thought from Unitarianism to Theosophy. In medical practice the "faith-healer" and the "Christian scientist" hang out their signs next door to the old-school doctor. Temperance movements prosper, though the drinking places are numerous and politically powerful. There are many associations of worthy people

who think they have a mission "to help the world along towards some imagined good." Among the working classes also, the idea of association is strong, and develops successful co-operative movements of which the well-organized one of the coopers is a conspicuous example.

MAJOR MARTIN MAGINNIS, for twelve years delegate to Congress from the Territory of Montana, tells the following good story about the naming of Fort Maginnis in his honor. For the last generation it has been customary to name military posts after dead heroes or to give them local Indian names. When Gen. Sherman announced to Major Maginnis that it had been determined to name the new Northern post after him he remarked that the Major ought to value the honor highly because no military post had been named after a civilian since the time of John C. Calhoun. Major Maginnis answered, "You forget General, that Fort Bridger was named after a noted civilian." "Ah, yes," answered General Sherman, "what a damned liar Bridger was, by the way." This set the ex-delegate who had just been defeated for renomination for Congress to thinking. Turning about, he retorted, "Do you mean to say, General, that you named Fort Maginnis after me as a dead political hero or as a civilian damned liar?" General Sherman's answer is not recorded.

THE great Ashland boom was a curious and unexpected development of the strong current of real estate speculation now running in the Northwest. About the middle of March, by a pre-concerted arrangement, a party of real estate agents from St. Paul and Minneapolis descended upon the slow-going town of Ashland, on the south shore of Lake Superior. These gentlemen, had no doubt, seen the picture of the town in the February number of this magazine and had read that it was the terminus of four railroads, that it had the rich Gogebic iron mines at its back, and that it shipped more iron ore than any other port in the United States. They bought some property and got options on a great deal more. Then the booming began in the daily papers of the Twin Cities. In a few days a great crowd of speculators rushed in. The merchants moved their goods from their show windows and gave up the fronts of their stores for real estate offices. Almost every room in the one hotel had an agent's sign on the door, and enterprising men who could not get inside opened offices on the piazza. The excitement lasted only about two weeks. When it subsided the boomers returned with their profits to their old field of work or went on eastward to give the Saulte Ste Marie a lift. The fortnight of speculative effervescence will be of lasting service to Ashland in widely advertising its advantages, and in waking up its citizens from their old village ways and ideas. The town has a strong position and is growing steadily. Its greatest need is a little more home enterprise.

MANY names have been suggested for the Territory of Washington when it shall come into the Union as a state. The present name is confusing because if any one in the East says he comes from Washington or is going to Washington people take it for granted that he means Washington City, District of Columbia. It is a great bother for a Washingtonian to constantly explain that he does not live in the Capital of the country but in the far-off, beautiful country on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. The latest suggestion I have seen is that of the *Goldendale Sentinel*, which proposes Rainier, the old name of the highest mountain in the Territory. Seattle people and most of the old settlers throughout the Territory, still call the mountain Rainier, but its Indian name of Tacoma is more and more coming into use. There would be no propriety in calling the new state Rainier. Captain Vancouver, the discoverer of Puget Sound named the mountain for one of the Lords of Admiralty. Being somewhat of a courtier and desiring promotion from the powers at home that controlled the Navy he gave their names to the loftiest mountain peaks in the new region he was exploring.

Hood, St. Helens, Rainier and Baker, were all named in this way. It would be absurd to alienate the name of the Father of his Country from Washington Territory and bestow upon it that of an English Lord who never saw any part of America. Tacoma is a beautiful name. It means in the Indian tongue "the nourishing breast" and refers to the great glaciers upon the mountain, which feed the milky rivers that flow from its slopes. There could be no finer name for the new state.

I WAS at Spokane Falls on the 8th of April. No other town in Washington Territory can compare with this place in rapidity of growth this spring. The entire town-site is fairly yellow with new buildings not yet painted, so recent has been their construction and the numerous new business blocks have entirely altered the physiognomy of the business streets. The noise of saws and hammers fills the air. Foundations are being laid for several more blocks of stores. Rents are so high by reason of the great influx of population that almost any kind of a building nets twenty or thirty per cent. on the cost of the lot and improvements. Among recently established manufacturing enterprises are a pottery, a cracker factory, and an oat meal and spice mill. It is gratifying to see my predictions about this town verified. When I first saw it five years ago it seemed to me to possess all the natural resources that have made Minneapolis a great city—lumber, wheat, and a magnificent water power. Since then it has added the lately developed mineral wealth of the Cœur d'Alene and Colville districts. Both of these districts are by reason of their geographical position necessarily tributary to Spokane Falls. The town has now 7,000 people. I believe it will have 25,000 in less than ten years.

AMERICA'S GREATEST WHEAT FIELD.

DID Dakota raise more wheat in 1886 than any state or any other territory? We answer. She did. We believe her yield for 1886 was in round figures 50,000,000 bushels. The Department of Agriculture in the January report estimates the crop of Minnesota at nearly 43,000,000 bushels. The statisticians of Minneapolis have made careful estimates of the yield in Minnesota and Dakota and place the amount in round numbers at 93,000,000 bushels. A similar investigation was made by Milwaukee men who made the aggregate yield of Minnesota and Dakota 110,000,000 bushels. It is generally conceded by well-informed men that Dakota did raise more wheat in 1886 than Minnesota. This being the case the irresistible conclusion is, based on the figures and statements given, that the wheat yield of Dakota for 1886 was fully 50,000,000 bushels. If this be so, and there is no good reason for doubting the statements given, then Dakota did raise more wheat in 1886 than any state or other territory. The yield in California, as given by the *San Francisco Chronicle* for 1886, was 34,000,000. Washington authority gives Indiana 40,000,000, Iowa 32,000,000, Michigan and Illinois each 27,000,000 bushels. For these and many other reasons that might be given, we claim the banner for Dakota, and believe she has raised more wheat in 1886 than any state or other territory. Should her claim now be questioned, it will not be after the crop of 1887 is gathered. Victory, by common consent, will then perch on her banner, and once there will remain forever, for Dakota is, and will be, the great wheat field of America.—*De Smet News*.

MOUNT TACOMA.

No patriotic American should place his foot on the Matterhorn or Mount Blanc till he can talk to his British cousins of the Alpine Club about the equal, if not superior, grandeur of Tacoma. The altitudes of the chief of the Alpine Range are: Mount Blanc, 15,732 feet; the Matterhorn, 14,835; while Tacoma, at 14,444 feet, ranges higher than the Jungfrau (13,728 feet) and all other peaks of the Helvetian Alps, except those above named.

LA CROSSE.

The Chief City of Western Wisconsin in Trade, Manufactures and Population.

LA CROSSE AS SEEN BY A VISITOR.

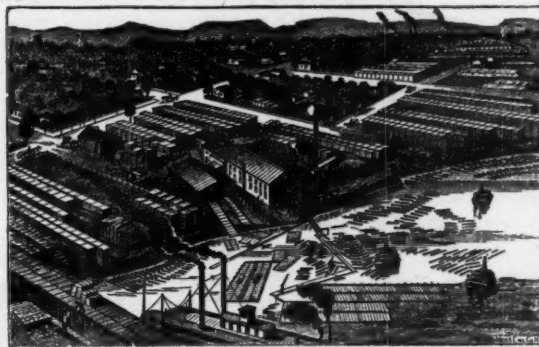
The City of La Crosse, second in population among Wisconsin cities and metropolis of a considerable stretch of the Mississippi Valley, has a water front of over five miles and is built in two distinct districts, separated the one from the other by a mile of low, marshy ground. At the northern end of the town, the Black River, after wandering about in numerous sloughs, (bayous, they would be called in Louisiana) manages to join the Father of Waters. Down this stream come the logs from the pineries of Northern Wisconsin, and the convenience of sawing them where the lumber rafts could be made up for floating down the Mississippi, was what gave La Crosse its first start. Then came the railroad from Milwaukee and for several years the place was the rendezvous for emigration destined to the new country of Minnesota. Here the emigrants bought their outfits and took passage on steamboats for all the up river points, as far as the then frontier trading post of St. Paul. Thus it was as a distributing point for people and merchandise bound further west that La Crosse got its second impetus. The lumber trade increased, new railways came, flour mills and divers other manufacturing concerns were erected, an enormous brewing industry was developed and so, year by year, the village grew into the town, and the town into the city, until there are now 28,000 people, where in 1850 there were scarce a hundred, and where a decade further back the Indians used to resort in their canoes to play the game of la crosse because the stretch of smooth prairie was so well adapted for the sport.

The best view of the double-headed town is from the summit of one of the lofty, stone-capped bluffs that guard the valleys on the east. A good road leads up the steep slope of the most convenient of these rugged hills, called Grandfather's Bluff, and with a horse and buggy you can reach this superb outlook in half an hour's drive. The road takes you past a cemetery of whose beauty the citizens are especially proud, and you can see the imposing monument erected to the memory of the late Governor Cadwallader C. Washburn by the executors of his estate, at a cost of \$40,000. A temporary railway had to be built into the cemetery to transport the tall marble shaft to its destination. A more fitting monument to honor a man whose life was full of activities and was wholly devoid of pretense and show, will be the public library in the town to found which he bequeathed \$50,000. I greatly doubt whether the bluff old governor, in whose busy brain flour mills, saw mills, railroads and politics, mingled with many charities and kindly deeds,

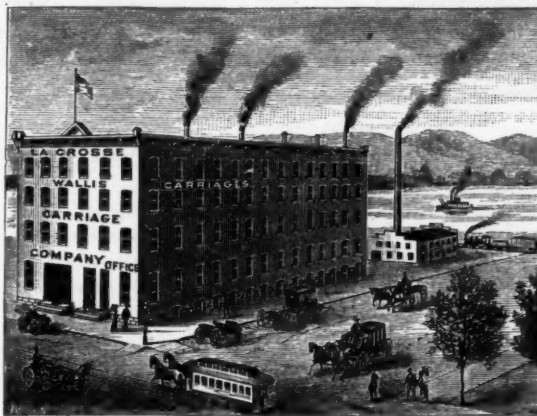
cares for the costly pile of stone upon his grave, if he is able to see it from his present serene abode.

Looking down from Grandfather's Bluff you see at its foot and at the feet of its neighboring eminences a ribbon of green prairie crossed by many tracks, and alive with the traffic movements of four railroads. Further away lies the city almost hidden in green in the season of foliage, and lifting many church towers and the huge bulk of many a factory and brewery above the tree tops. The powerful current of the Mississippi sweeps past it and around numerous islands which so fill the river with their low, forest-covered ground, that the railroad bridge, running from one to the other, takes nearly two miles of distance to reach the main land of the Minnesota shore. Great white steamboats struggle and pant against the current, or slip swiftly down with the stream, or lie moored at the levee. Huge piles of yellow lumber cover one of the islands and make bright patches on the landscape at many places along the city front where the puffs of steam from the mills flutter like pearl gray banners in the sunlight. On the western horizon rise the buttressed walls of the blue Minnesota hills.

If you descend into the town from your observatory on the rocks and go about at your leisure, you



LA CROSSE.—SAW-MILLS AND LUMBER YARDS OF N. B. HOLWAY.



LA CROSSE.—OFFICE AND WORKS OF THE LA CROSSE WALLIS CARRIAGE COMPANY.

will note that the public school houses are large, substantial, handsome and numerous, and will mentally give the place a credit mark for the liberal support it accords to education. The churches also claim attention. So does the old-fashioned court house, built before the modern architectural manias spread to the west, with its conventional blind justice with the scales perched upon the cupola. A quiet and dignified building, this, set in a green frame of grass and trees. The large number of handsome residences

you see in your walks show that wealth has accumulated, and has brought taste and a desire for comfortable living. In the business structures the tendency to use the hard, fine-grained limestone found close to the town is to be commended. It produces pleasing effects, combining with the appearance of solidity given by the nature of the material, an air of lightness and grace derived from its creamy color. This is especially noticeable in the new McMillan block and in the huge breweries of Gund and Heileman. The business district of the old town is very compact, and three of the four railways which reach La Crosse have managed to get close to its center with their passenger and freight stations without much disturbance to the ordinary currents of sidewalk and street travel. Two have built handsome passenger stations of dark red brick, and the third makes of a quaint, steep-

roofed building both a station and a hotel.

The name of this hotel is the Cameron House, and it led me to make inquiries for an old acquaintance, the Hon. Angus Cameron, whom I knew in Washington for a portion of his ten year's term in the United States Senate. I found him in his law office, looking quite unchanged by lapse of years and showing none of the discontent which gnaws at the hearts of many public men when they are thrown back into private life after long activity in national affairs. The genial Ex-Senator took his hat and cane and accompanied me during a walk about the city, pointing out places of historic interest. He showed me the block built by Brick Pomeroy in the days of his phenomenal prosperity, when by abuse and ridicule of Abraham Lincoln, of the war for the Union, of emancipation for the Republican party, he gained an enormous circulation for his *La Crosse Democrat* and made \$200,000 in three or four years time. Pomeroy took his fortune and went to New York, where he sunk it all in about a year in an effort to establish a daily paper. I remember his advent in the metropolis. He took an office between the *Sun* and the *Tribune*, and put up a big black sign on which in scarlet letters appeared, "*Pomeroy's Democrat—Red Hot.*" He failed to warm up the public, however, and the red hot editorials which used to fire the hearts of the Copperheads of the Mississippi Valley made no impression on the cool-headed Democrats of the East. Brick returned to La Crosse some years later and tried to pick up again his old lines of

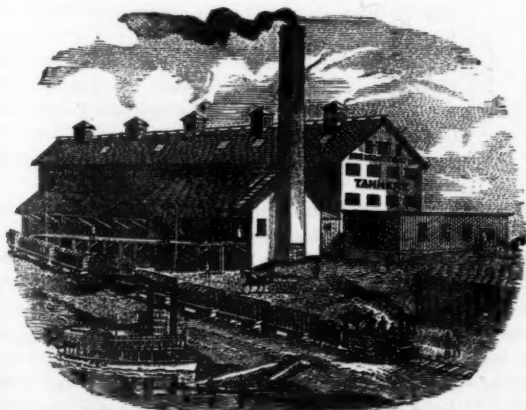
good luck, but times had changed, and his red hot literature was no longer in demand. His new daily collapsed in a few months. Another famous journalist who began his career in La Crosse, is Geo. W. Peck, who started his *Peck's Sun* there, after working on Pomeroy's *Democrat*, but did not make much of a success with it until he removed it to Milwaukee and struck the tide of fortune with his "*Bad Boy*" series. Journalism in La Crosse is now running along on a comfortable, conservative business basis, with the two daily papers, the morning *Chronicle*, of which Mr. Usher is editor, and the evening *Republican and Leader*, edited by Mr. Finch. Although both young men, these gentlemen, can claim the distinction of having been longer in continuous editorial work in the city than any one else in its entire history. In foreign tongues there are two weeklies published, one in German and one for the large Scandinavian population.

The business men of La Crosse are organized in a strong Board of Trade, which dates back to 1868, and has a membership of about 200. Its secretary, Mr. R. Calvert, is its active executive genius. He has kindly undertaken the task of describing the business interests of the city and to him now I gladly yield the floor.

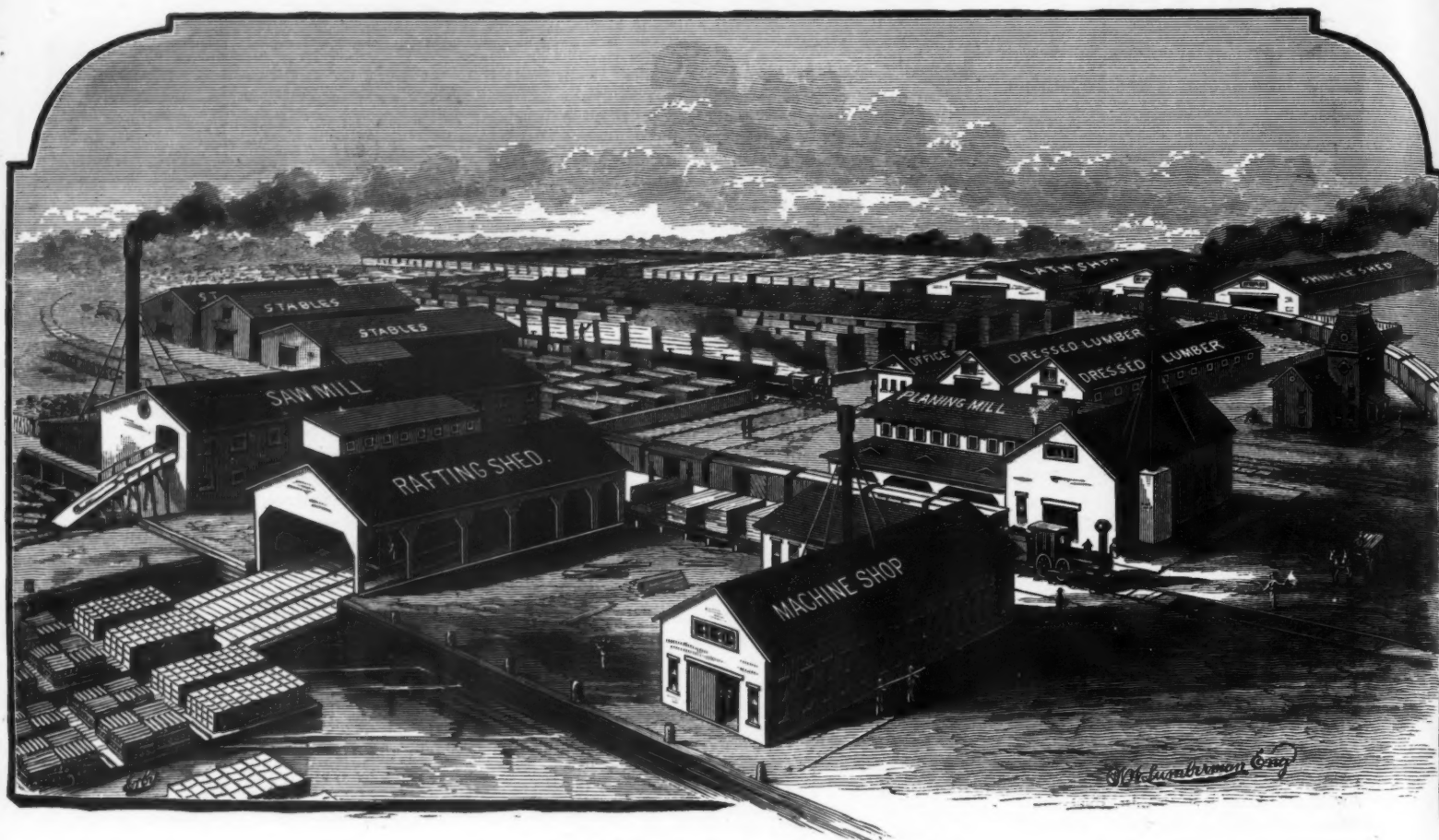
E. V. SMALLEY.

PROGRESSIVE LA CROSSE.

Man, like Alexander Pope, has a good deal of the interrogation point in his mental make up, and it is



LA CROSSE.—TANNERY OF DAVIS, MEDARY & PLATZ CO., MANUFACTURERS OF LEATHER.



LA CROSSE.—PLANT OF THE SAWYER & AUSTIN LUMBER CO.

the most natural thing in the world to turn from the contemplation of the picturesque and beautiful to inquire into the more matter-of-fact details of daily life; to ask if nature's bounty has been duly utilized and wisely applied; if its sources be of a lasting character, and if there be sufficient brain and brawn, sturdy honesty and rugged manhood among the recipients, to enable them to present a fair balance sheet when called upon for an account of their stewardship.

That La Crosse possesses peculiar advantages, and that her people have made much of them, no one who has ever casually studied her history will fail to concede. All the progress which she has made from the position of a small trading post to that which she now occupies has been hewn from the natural quarries of her own resources by the skill and industry of her people. At no period in her history has her growth been accelerated by the aid of outside capital; all of her large manufacturers and merchant princes commenced their career with moderate means and have each of them by unaided industry raised the fabrics of fame and fortune which they now possess from the surroundings amongst which they cast their lot.

ADVANTAGEOUSLY SITUATED.

Not the least among these advantages is the geographical situation of the city; the Black River which here empties itself into the Mississippi runs through the largest pine-growing territory in Wisconsin, and in the five years ending 1883, as shown by statistics collected by the United States Senate Committee on Transportation, it furnished 1,091,247,760 feet of logs to the saw mills of La Crosse; during the same period these mills drew upon the resources of the Chippewa for about 100,000,000 feet in addition.

It may be surmised from these figures that the lumber business forms an important item in the manufactures of the city, indeed for a considerable period it may be said to have been the only industry of any magnitude, and although, no longer the only one, it is still the largest and most important.

Another element contributing to the prosperity of

La Crosse is the extent of agricultural country with which it is surrounded; Western Wisconsin, Northern Iowa, Southern Minnesota and the Territory of Dakota, all pay tribute to her commercial greatness. They pour into her lap the golden grain, which she in turn converts into metaphorical snow flakes and scatters among the toiling millions of the East.

In this business her millers are greatly aided by the system of what is known as "milling in transit," by which wheat is purchased in the far West, billed at through rates of freight to Chicago or the Seaboard,



LA CROSSE.—CIGAR MANUFACTORY OF THE PAMPERIN & WIGGENSHORN CO.

arrested in transit at La Crosse, there turned into flour, and reloaded to finish its journey under the same bill which brought it, and at the same rate.

Another factor operating to produce the sum of her commercial prosperity, is the facilities possessed by La Crosse for receiving and distributing her materials and their products.

The mighty Mississippi and the Black River floats

the logs from the forests to her doors, and rafts much of her lumber to points of consumption, and railroads converging from all the states already mentioned center at La Crosse. There are nominally only four of these, but the following list will show from what different roads they have been consolidated.

RAILROADS.

The first railroad to enter La Crosse was the La Crosse & Milwaukee Railroad opened to traffic in October 1858, and which placed her merchants in direct communication with the eastern markets. In 1865 was forged the first link of the chain which now binds the interests of La Crosse and Dakota, and all the intervening territory in mutual bonds: in that year the first ten miles of the Southern Minnesota Railroad was built, and year after year, assisted by La Crosse capital, that road was steadily extended until it reached the confines of Minnesota, a distance of 300 miles and now penetrates 100 miles into Dakota where it connects with a network of the system which now controls it. In 1873, the Chicago, Clinton & Dubuque Railroad connected La Crosse with the cities of Clinton and Dubuque, running along the west bank of the Mississippi, and by its feeders tapping at intervals the fertile plains and valleys of Iowa.

To these may be added the Wisconsin Valley, and Chippewa Valley railroads, and the Virginia and Zumbrota branches, all of which are now absorbed into the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul system, literally "*E pluribus unum*," as the silver dollar has it.

The next great railroad to enter the city was the Chicago & Northwestern, which was opened to La Crosse in 1876, and in the same year the Green Bay & Minnesota Railroad, aided by a bonus of \$75,000 and using the terminal facilities of the Chicago & Northwestern also entered the city, opening up entirely new territory, and placing La Crosse in communication with the Seaboard at a point on the Great Lakes considerably nearer the tidewater than Milwaukee or Chicago.

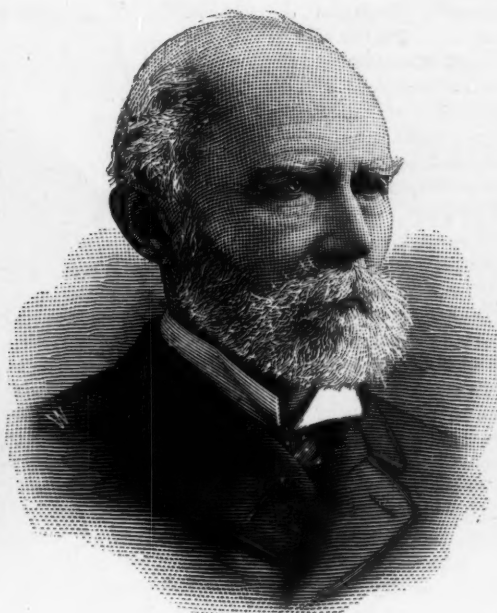
The latest addition to this list is the Chicago, Bur-



HON. ALEX. McMILLAN.



HON. GILBERT M. WOODWARD.



HON. ANGUS CAMERON.

lington & Northern Railroad, opened for traffic last year, which runs from St. Paul, Minnesota, to Savannah, Illinois, along the east bank of the Mississippi, affording easier access to a field already preempted by La Crosse enterprise, furnishing a new route to Chicago, close connections with St. Louis and with the extreme Northwest, by a corporation broad-gauged in policy, aggressive in the struggle for traffic, and able to hold its own against all competitors.

TRADE AND MANUFACTURES.

As these highways of commerce, one by one, opened up new domains, they were speedily occupied by the jobbers and manufacturers of La Crosse; to meet the seemingly insatiable requirements of the growing West her artisans added to the capacities of their establishments, and new industries sprang into existence; her jobbers doubled and redoubled their resources, steadily the city grew, and its business increased to such an extent that to-day she can claim 30,000 people, and can show as her assets taxable property valued at \$9,000,000. She possesses a banking capital bordering on \$1,000,000, and deposits aggregating over \$25,000,000; last year the railroads carried to and from La Crosse 500,000 tons of freight; there are \$4,000,000 invested in buildings and machinery for manufacturing purposes, using upwards of 7,000 horse power, and her citizens do a business of \$26,500,000 per annum. The manufactures carried on are varied and include saw mills, boat yards, marine ways, flour mills, woolen mills, breweries, cooperages, foundries, a huge tannery, carriage works, establishments for pork packing and for the manufacture of agricultural implements of all kinds, sash, doors and blinds, brooms, crackers, clothing, cigars, confectionery, saddlery, and a host of minor industries. These are being added to almost daily; during 1886 over \$1,500,000 were expended in building and corporate improvements, and the indications are that during the present year that amount will be exceeded.

The fleet of rafting and other vessels enrolled at La Crosse numbers forty-seven, with an aggregate tonnage of 4,000 tons; and \$150,000 has been appropriated by Congress for the erection of a Custom House which will be commenced during the present spring.

While the people of La Crosse have no cause to be ashamed of their record in the past, there is ample room for still further progress, and offers tempting

opportunities for the profitable employment of increased capital either in jobbing or manufacturing. The territory tributary to her is continually enlarging, and her present powers of supplying the demands upon her are taxed to the utmost, and the difficulty would be not to suggest a list of industries which would be profitable but to name one which would not.

Any account of the business relations of La Crosse would be incomplete without an allusion to its Board of Trade, an organization composed of its public spirited citizens and having for its object the gen-

been infallible in its decisions or that its exertions had been uniformly successful, even those who differed with it in such cases have been compelled to acknowledge the self-sacrificing spirit which animates its members, and the entire community entertain a pardonable sense of pride in its 200 members, who have, as it were dedicated themselves to the public good.

Such is La Crosse to-day, its future it would be presumptuous to predict, but if it continues to be true to itself and adheres to the traditions of industry and integrity which its people have established, it will always maintain a position in the front rank of the thriving and populous cities which line the banks of the Mississippi.

R. CALVERT.

REMARKABLE GROWTH OF NORTH LA CROSSE.

While the old City of La Crosse has been making substantial progress in its industries, wealth and population, the northern suburb, called North La Crosse, separated from the main town by a mile of marsh land, through which flows the narrow La Crosse River, has gone forward since last summer with extraordinary rapidity. Originally a saw mill village, created by the big lumbering concerns which found convenient ground for their mills and yards where the Black River joins the Mississippi. North La Crosse has now 7,000 people and will have 10,000 by next fall, judging from its present rate of growth. The immediate cause of this new activity was the opening of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad, and the building of car shops, round house and other railway improvements required by a division terminus. Between the eastern outskirts of North La Crosse as it existed a year ago and the foot of the steep hills which bound the valley, there lay a handsome

stretch of prairie, occupied by farms. Foreseeing what was coming, J. B. Canterbury, an enterprising real estate dealer, bought about 1,000 acres of the land, at prices ranging from \$50 to \$500 per acre. He sold it to the St. Paul Land Company, a corporation acting in harmony with the railway company to lay out new towns and improve old ones along the lines of the new road. The land was platted and a brisk demand rose at once for the lots for building purposes. No "boom" was necessary to dispose of them, for hundreds of them were wanted for homes



HON. DAVID AUSTIN, MAYOR OF LA CROSSE.

eral business welfare of the whole. The La Crosse Board of Trade was incorporated in 1868, and the impetus which the city then received and its growth since then are in a great measure due to its increasing exertions and the unselfish enthusiasm of its members. Few if any measures affecting the welfare of the city are adopted without having been submitted for its consideration; many public enterprises have been initiated and carried into successful operation under its auspices, and while it would be unwise, as well as untrue, to claim that it had always

for the numerous employees of the Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad. The lots sold readily for from \$300 to \$400 each, and the prairie is now covered with dwellings in all stages of construction. Never have I seen such lively work with saws and hammers since the Dakota towns blossomed out as if by magic in 1881 and 1882. A new town is springing up all at once on the borders of the old one, with scores of new streets and hundreds of buildings of all styles and sizes. At the same time the old town is closely filling up its scattered outskirts, so that the operations of the railroad and the land company are resulting in fully as much building within the former limits of North La Crosse as in the newly platted suburb.

The principal improvements of the C. B. & N. Company are a round house for forty locomotives and extensive repair shops. The company is also putting up a building costing \$20,000 for reading rooms, bath rooms and other comforts for the free use of its employees. A wise and liberal corporation is this Burlington Company, recognizing the truth that workmen have something else in them besides bones and muscles, aiding them in their intellectual life and attracting them to its service by ties of affection as well as of self-interest.

Near the C. B. & N. improvements is a place called Grand Crossing where the tracks of four important railroads intersect within the distance of 100 yards. These roads are the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the Chicago & Northwestern, the Green Bay, Winona & St. Paul and the Chicago, Burlington & Northern. The movements of trains on all these roads makes an exceedingly animated spectacle. Here is being developed an important freight transfer business which is adding materially to the prosperity of North La Crosse.

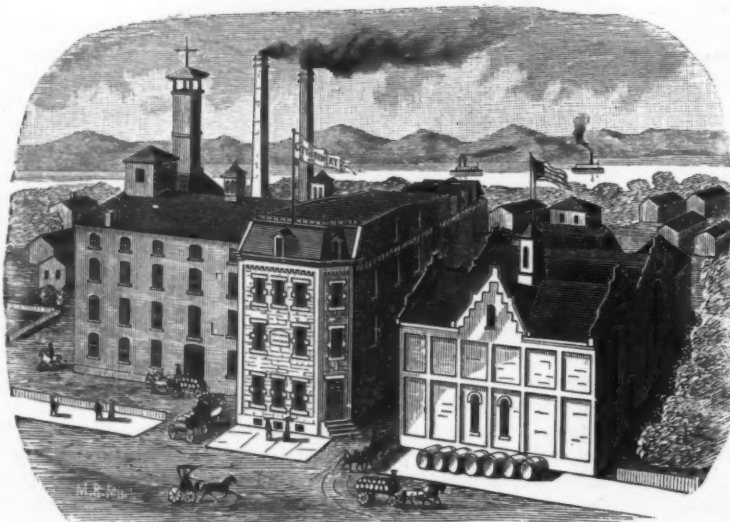
It is surprising to see how much of growth has been caused by a single railroad in North La Crosse; yet on investigation it will be seen that this is no forced, mushroom growth. The shop men and the train men employed by the new road will, with their families form a population of 3,000, and must be provided with dwellings at once. This large added population of salaried working people attracts numerous stores and shops, and new tradesmen and mechanics come in to supply this new demand for their goods and services. Besides, the Burlington opens a new country to La Crosse trade, following as it does, the east bank of the Mississippi, where there was no railroad before. The west bank got a railroad nearly thirty years ago and there the towns grew up. The farmers on the eastern shore were obliged to ferry across the river when they wanted to ship their products by rail to market or had occasion to travel. Now they can come into La Crosse from their own side of the Mississippi. Thus the new road has in reality annexed large districts above



LA CROSSE.—MCMILLAN'S OLD POST-OFFICE BLOCK.



LA CROSSE NATIONAL BANK BUILDING.



LA CROSSE.—THE CITY BREWERY.

and below La Crosse to the area reached by the trade of the city; and this fact, even more than the important local improvements made by the company, accounts for the new growth. To show how much this recent growth has done for the value of real estate a single instance may be mentioned. The land along the causeway between La Crosse and North La Crosse, traversed by the street railway and the highway between the two districts of the city was sold about a year ago for one dollar a front foot. Recently the former owner wanted to buy back a few lots to fill in and make a base ball ground. He offered ten dollars a foot, but the new owners told him it was worth a hundred dollars, and that it would soon be built up solidly as a business street.

LA CROSSE PEN PICTURES.

HON. ANGUS CAMERON.

Angus Cameron, of La Crosse, was born at Caledonia, Livingston County, New York, July 4, 1826. He received an academic education, and studied law at Buffalo, New York. He graduated at the National Law School at Ballston Spa, and moved West, locating in La Crosse in 1857. He was elected to the State Senate of Wisconsin in 1863-4 and 1871-2. He was elected to the Assembly in 1866 and 1867, and during the last year was elected speaker. Mr. Cameron was a member of the National Republican Convention at Baltimore in 1864 and has always been identified with the Republican party and its measures. In 1866 and in 1875 he was elected one of the regents of the Wisconsin State University. In 1874 he was elected to the United States Senate, and was re-elected in 1881 to succeed Matthew H. Carpenter, deceased. During his service as United States Senator he held many important legislative trusts and for several years was chairman of the Committee on Claims. His term of office expired March 4, 1885, when he returned to La Crosse to resume the practice of the law as senior member of the firm of Cameron, Losey & Fraer.

HON. GILBERT M. WOODWARD.

Hon. Gilbert M. Woodward passed his fiftieth birthday at the commencement of this year. He was born in Washington, D. C., and came to La Crosse as a young man in 1860. He studied law and was admitted to practice just before the rebellion broke out. On the first call for troops he enlisted as a private soldier in the first company that left La Crosse, which afterward became a part of the Second Regiment of Wisconsin Infantry. The Second Regiment was a part of the famous "Iron Brigade" of the Army of the Potomac. Mr. Woodward was promoted through the several grades to first lieutenant and came out with that rank at the close of the war, as adjutant of his regiment. He did a good deal of staff duty on the staff of Gen. Wadsworth and others. After the war he devoted himself to his practice and with the exception of the office of Mayor of La Crosse he held no positions except such as were in the line of his profession, such as city attorney and district attorney, until 1882, when he was, quite against his own wishes, made the Democratic candidate for congress, and though the district has usually been good for 4,000 Republican majority he was elected. In 1884 he again ran for congress, but was defeated, though he got 3,500 more votes than in the year of his election. Mr. Woodward was a delegate to the convention that nominated Horace Greeley for president. Prior to that he had always been a Republican. He was also

a delegate to the Democratic national convention that nominated Hancock. He has been active and interested in the work of this municipality always.

HON. ALEX. McMILLAN.

Perhaps no one has done so much to beautify the city by the erection of public and private buildings of architectural beauty than the Hon. Alexander McMillan. This gentleman is of Highland Scotch descent and possesses all the persevering industry which characterizes the race. He has been a resident of La Crosse since 1862, and engaged in the logging business, to which, as it prospered in his hands, he from time to time added other enterprises, in all of which he succeeded, and they are to-day prosperous testimonies to his skill, foresight and public spirit. His many estimable qualities have been frequently recognized by his fellow citizens by election to offices of honor and trust, among them being chairman of the county board, mayor of the city, president of the board of trade and member of the state legislature. Personally, a more social and genial-hearted gentleman than Mr. McMillan does not exist, nor a more amiable, accomplished and talented lady than his helpmate in life, who enjoys no small degree of fame from her skill as a musician and her talents as an artist in oils, many of her productions having acquired more than mere local celebrity.

Among the buildings which stand as evidences of his progressive spirit are a handsome brick structure, four stories high, which for years was used as the post-office; the La Crosse opera house, originally built by the celebrated "Brick" Pomeroy, but purchased by Mr. McMillan and the interior entirely remodeled with all the modern improvements; a magnificent structure of solid stone in the Baronial style of architecture for stores, offices, etc., with elevator, steam heating and all the necessary and even luxuries of modern civilization, and his own residence on

bering on the Alleghany River, but removed in 1871 to La Crosse, where he has since lived, and carried on logging and the manufacture of lumber in connection with the firm of Sawyer & Austin, quite recently incorporated under the title of the Sawyer & Austin Lumber Co. This firm is one of the largest in the city and owes much of its

nominees of which were in any sense laborers, and he was April 19th elected by an overwhelming majority.

HON. D. F. POWELL.

Dr. Powell is a native of Kentucky and a graduate of Louisville University, where he took the highest honors of his class. For some time as post surgeon on the plains he led an eventful life, but finally settled down in La Crosse to the practice of his profession. In the spring elections of 1885 he was elected as an independent candidate for the office of mayor of the city, and as the people's candidate was re-elected in 1886. Dr. Powell has many generous impulses, and among the laboring classes is especially popular.

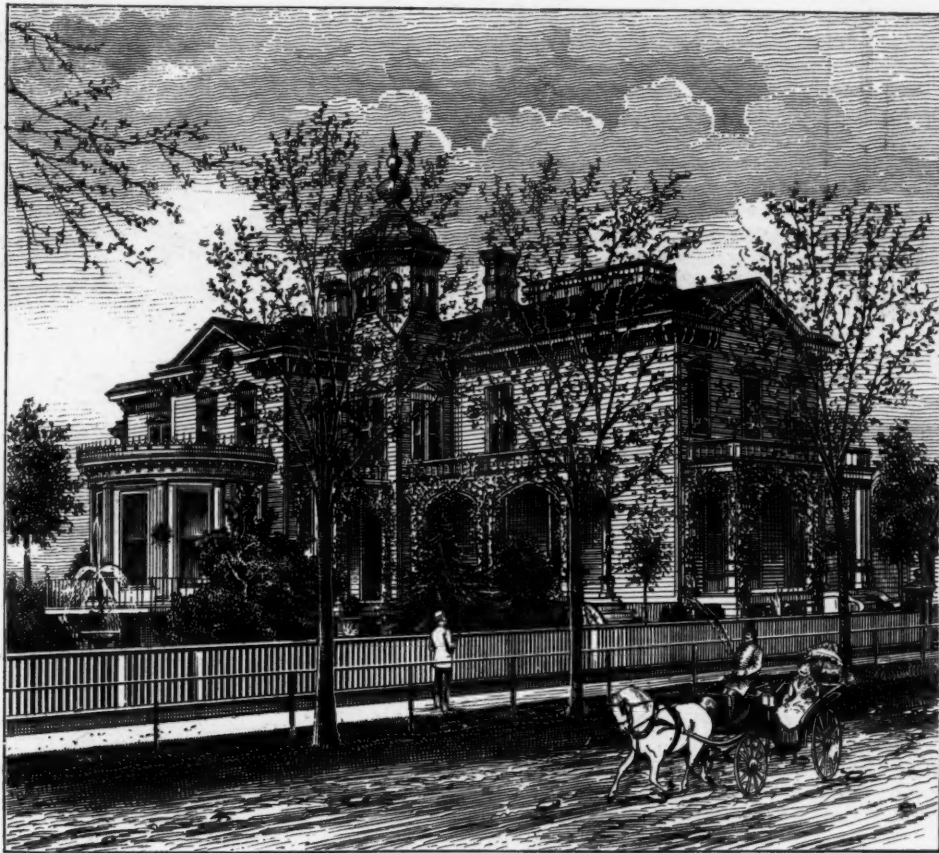
T. H. SPENCE

is a native of the state, having been born at Waukegan in 1851. He removed to La Crosse in 1871 and established the wholesale and retail drug business which he has since conducted with such marked success. Mr. Spence is a member of the State Board of Pharmacy, having been appointed for one year on its organization in 1882, and was also its first president. In 1883 he was reappointed a member of the Board for the succeeding five years, and has always been an active and efficient member. His warehouse being situated on the levee and a side-track of the C. M. & St. P. R'y running close to the door, his facilities for shipping are first-class. Besides the staples mentioned above, Mr. Spence also handles window glass, brushes,

cigars, etc., and his goods are to be found everywhere from fifty miles east of the Mississippi to the banks of the Missouri.

ROBERT CALVERT.

Robert Calvert, secretary of the Board of Trade, La Crosse, Wis., was born at Dundee, Scotland, in 1830. He came to this country in 1857, and was engaged as general agent of the Grand Trunk Railway Co. at Quebec, Canada,



LA CROSSE.—HON. ALEX. McMILLAN'S RESIDENCE.

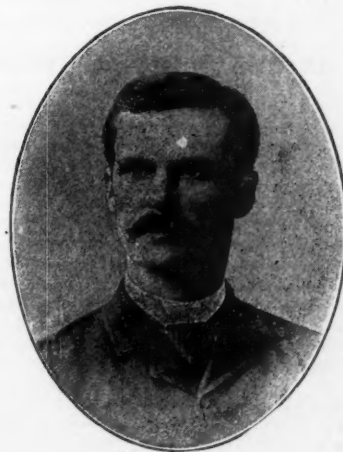
success to the indefatigable exertions of Mr. Austin. Although a consistent Democrat, the subject of this sketch is no partisan, and beneath the undemonstrative demeanor common to his race he bears a warm heart and is extremely popular with all classes. When the eight-hours agitation was in progress about a year ago Mr. Austin, unsolicited, reduced the hours of his employees



HON. D. F. POWELL.



J. B. CANTERBURY.



T. H. SPENCE.

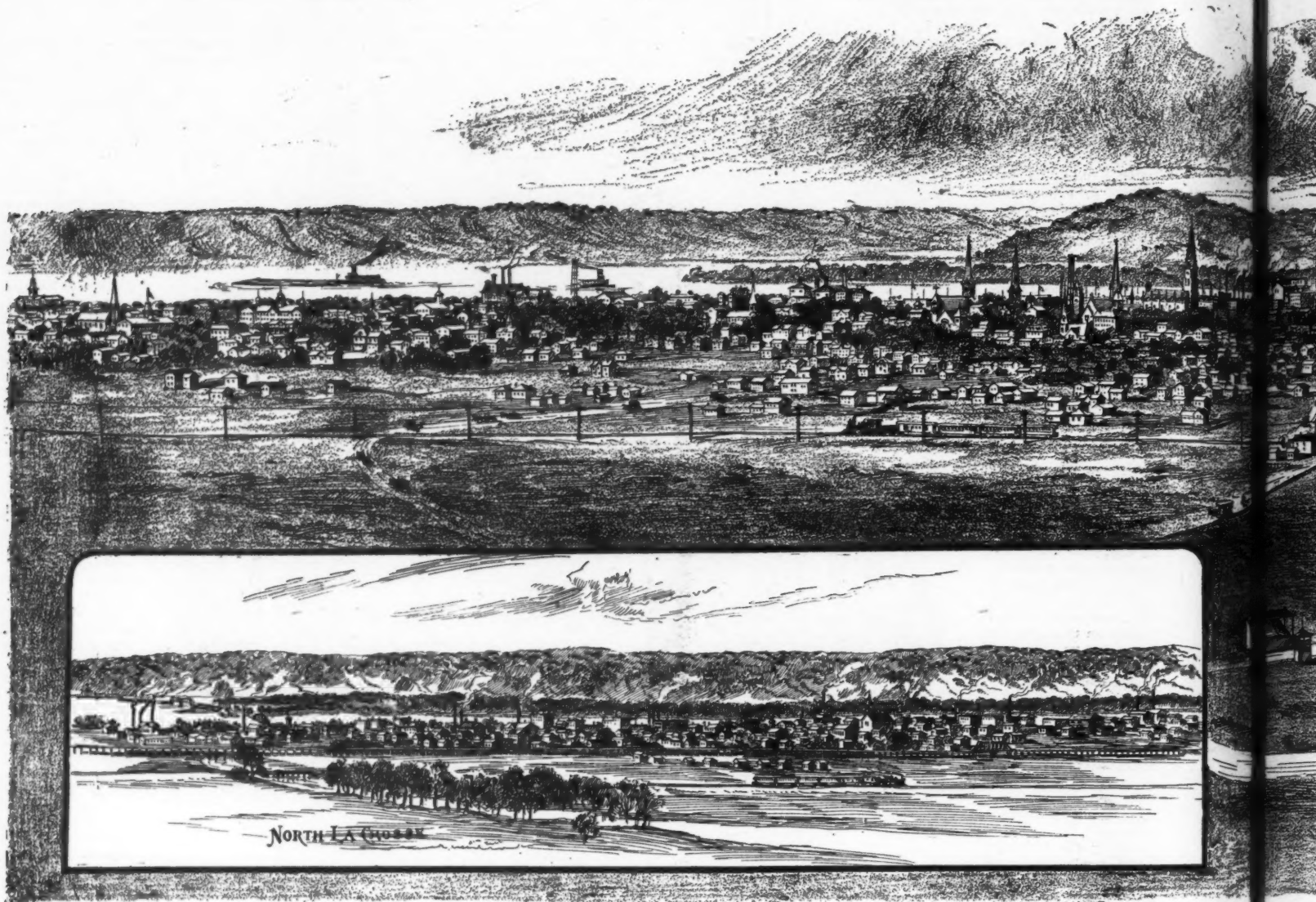
Seventh Street, all of which will compare favorably with the buildings of their class in any city in the Union.

HON. DAVID AUSTIN, MAYOR-ELECT.

Mr. Austin is a native of Dumfriesshire in Scotland, and came to this country with his parents in 1834, at which time he was nine years of age, and is consequently now sixty-two years old. His first start in business was lum-

bering without making any reduction in their wages, and there was accordingly a peculiar fitness in his being called upon by the combined Republican and Democratic parties to accept the nomination for mayor of the city in opposition to a so-called labor party not one of the leaders or

Buffalo, N. Y. and other points until 1860, when he went to La Crosse to organize the ticket system of the Southern Minnesota Railroad, then only fifty miles in extent. He continued to act as assistant general ticket agent and travelling auditor of that road until it had attained a length of 400 miles and was acquired by the C. M. & St. P. Co. in 1880. He then moved with the other general officers to Milwaukee, but having a strong feeling that



GENERAL VIEW OF LA CROSSE, WIS. — [F]

La Crosse was his proper place he returned in the following year to that city to fill the position which he has since retained. To an active, nervous temperament he adds an enthusiasm in his exertions for the welfare of La Crosse that fit him peculiarly for the labors he has undertaken, and in which to continue he has declined several tempting offers in other avocations.

LA CROSSE BUSINESS AND PERSONAL NOTES.

Among the notable institutions of La Crosse are its breweries, the products of which have a wider reputation west of the Mississippi than those of any other city in the Union. Chief among these are the City Brewery, and the John Gund Brewing Co., who had a common origin and whose histories are almost parallels.

In 1858 John Gund and Gottlieb Heileman erected a brewery upon a comparatively limited scale, and during a partnership of fourteen years they established a reputation for fair dealings and the quality of their goods as stood each of them in good stead when they concluded to operate apart. In 1872 they dissolved partnership, Mr. Gund retiring from and Mr. Heileman continuing the business under the name of

THE CITY BREWERY.

which it still retains. At Mr. Heileman's death in 1878, Mr. Reinhard Walker took charge on behalf of the widow and continued to do so for three years, and in 1881 Mr. E. T. Mueller assumed the management, in which he displayed an energy as to completely revolutionize the business. Shortly after he took charge the old brewery building was torn down to make place for a stone structure four stories in height. This building is 34x83 feet, built of the finest point-dressed stone with trimmings of pressed brick, fitted up with the newest improvements in brewing machinery, the office being furnished in ash and walnut heavily carved; windows of stained glass, etc. Adjoining the main building are the following: Ice house, 65x80 feet, three stories high, (stone); malt house, 32x80 feet, three and a half stories high, (stone); malt kiln, 30x30 feet, three and a half stories high, (stone); engine house, 30x40 feet, one story

high, (stone); stable, 22x50 feet, one and a half stories high, (stone); bottling works, 30x80 feet, one story, (frame); grain warehouse, 40x70, and three storage ice houses, one 30x40 feet and the other 57x90 feet, which, together with their permanent ice house, 40x40 feet, gives the firm a storage capacity for 5,500 tons of ice. The working force of the establishment consists of thirty-five men, and the pay roll calls for \$20,000 annually. The products are distributed throughout Minnesota and Dakota, and supports the following agencies, viz: Waseca and Glencoe in Minnesota, and Aberdeen, Milbank and Wahpeton, D. T. The officers are E. T. Mueller, Manager; R. Walker, Superintendent; W. Heileman, General Commission Agent; J. B. Mayer, Superintendent of Agencies; Alfred Benggly, Book-keeper; Geo. Auer, Ass't Book-keeper.

THE JOHN GUND BREWING CO.

Mr. John Gund, on his retirement from the firm of Gund & Heileman, started a brewery on his own account, in which he was so successful, that it got beyond his powers of personal supervision and he organized it into a joint stock company under the above title. The plant now consists of a brewery and ice house 142x42 feet, malt house 140x40 feet, engine and boiler house 60x61 feet, malt kiln 27x27 feet, ice house No. 2 71x58 feet, ice house No. 3 71x66 feet. All are three stories in height and built of cut stone, with iron girders, beams and columns. There is also a projecting tower 20x22 feet and 94 feet high, besides bottling house, stables, etc., and new offices, one in contemplation which will eclipse in elegance and convenience any similar set of chambers in the West. The specialties of the firm are the Extra Pale, Pilsener and standard brands for the distribution of which it has established agencies all over Minnesota and Dakota. The officers of the company are John Gund, Sr., President; Geo. F. Gund, Secretary and Treasurer; John Gund, Jr., Superintendent, and Henry Gund, Manager of the Minneapolis Agency.

THE PAMPERIN AND WIGGENHORN CIGAR CO.

takes the lead in the manufacture of cigars, and was es-

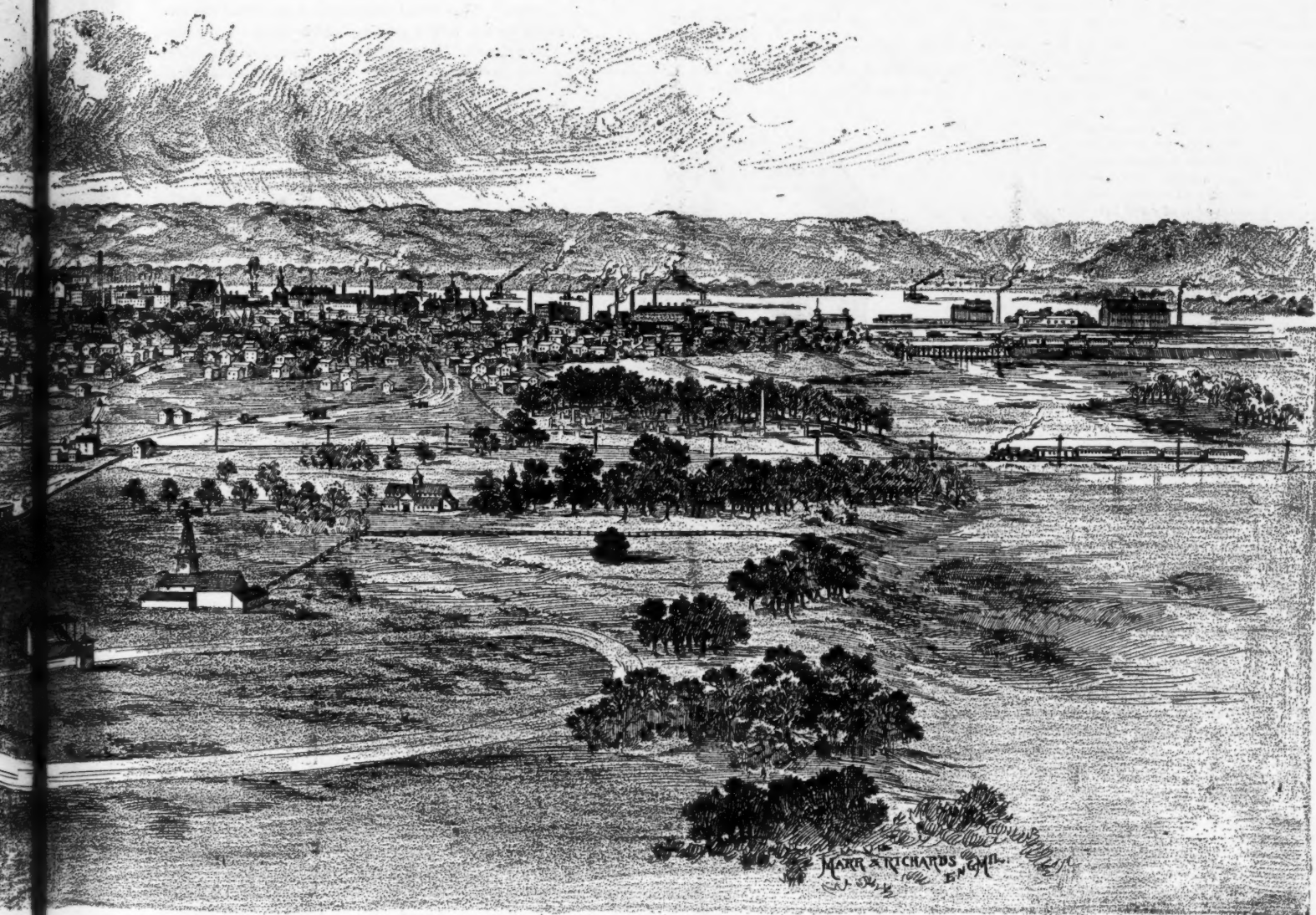
tablished by the senior partner as an individual in 1866. In the spring of 1886 he associated with himself in the business Mr. E. Wiggenhorn, the senior member of the firm of Wiggenhorn Bros., of Watertown, Wis., as a corporate association under the above title with a capital of \$50,000. The building consists of three stories and basement, the factory on the third floor so arranged that the stripping and preparing of the tobacco and the making and assorting of cigars each constitute a separate department. The business affords employment continuously to fifty hands, who earn an aggregate of over \$20,000 per annum. Both of the principal members of the firm are practical experts in the business, having been engaged in it for over thirty years. The State Inspector of Factories in his report for 1886 pays the following very high compliment to the management of the establishment: "The factory is in elegant condition, with ample means of escape; the firm prides itself on the neat and clean condition of their factory, and well they may. I have seen no factory of the kind to surpass it."

LA CROSSE NATIONAL BANK.

This bank occupies a building owned by itself, built in what may be called the Florentine gothic style of architecture, of red brick with cut stone facings. Its officers are G. C. Hixon, President; S. S. Burton, Cashier, and Geo. W. Burton, Ass't Cashier. The directors are G. C. Hixon, John Paine, B. B. Healey, Chas. Michel, W. W. Cargill, G. R. Montague and S. S. Burton. These are all old residents of the city and nearly all of them are conducting large and successful business enterprises and are noted for their ability and financial strength. The capital of the bank is \$200,000. It has a surplus of \$40,000, and there is no more solid and substantial institution in the State, in view of which it deserves and commands the entire confidence of the community. If additional guarantees were required they can be found in the record and reputation of the cashier, the

HON. S. S. BURTON,

a native of Vermont, who came to the city in 1856, where he established a lucrative law business, and has since



SSSE, WISCONSIN.—[From a sketch by John Passmore.

filled many offices of trust and responsibility. He has been a member of Wisconsin State Assembly, was for several years County Judge, afterwards Receiver of the Land Office, and of the First National Bank. He has occupied his present position since the organization about ten years ago, and much of the success of the institution may be attributed to his business shrewdness and sterling integrity.

H. B. SMITH.

The basement of this bank building is occupied by the insurance, real estate and loan office of Mr. H. B. Smith, who represents several first-class companies and stands well with the public.

STATE BANK OF LA CROSSE

originated in the private banking firm of Holley & Borresen, who after an experience of twelve years in the other banks of the city opened an institution of their own in 1879. In connection with some other capitalists they in 1883 organized a state bank as above, that course having been as it were forced upon them by the rapid increase of their business, which from the first exceeded their most sanguine expectations. The bank recently erected and now occupies a neat building of the Francis I. style, which from its quaint appearance attracts much attention. The officers are D. D. McMillan, President; E. N. Borresen, Vice-President, and J. M. Holley, Cashier, who are also directors, together with G. H. Ray, J. W. Weston, H. A. Salzer and H. Goddard.

J. B. CANTERBURY

will be found in the basement of the building, who, more than any other individual, is identified with the activity which at present characterises real estate and all other values in the city. Mr. Canterbury came to this country from County Wicklow, Ireland, in 1837; served during the war, and at its close came to La Crosse in 1865. For several years he was a grain buyer at all the stations on the Madison Division of the Chicago & Northwestern Railway, but lately has turned his attention to other pursuits.

From his own resources he built what is known as the "Short Line," a railroad connecting the sawmills of the city with the Chicago & Northwestern Railway at Onalaska. This he disposed of to the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway Co., and scenting after the era of good times about to dawn threw himself into the real estate business with all the energy of his irrepressible Irish nature. His operations have been uniformly successful and he has, while benefiting all classes, reaped a rich harvest of personal reward.

MAGILL BROS.

The Magill Bros. have also done much good in the same line. Their private banking establishment on the north side has been of inestimable convenience to the business of that district, and through their real estate operations and advances to the industrial classes they have done much to increase the great number of homes owned by workingmen.

J. S. MEDARY'S HARNESS AND SADDLERY MANUFACTORY.

One of the most stable industries of the city is the harness and saddlery factory carried on by J. S. Medary. This business was originally established by Jessie R. Grant, father of the late ex-President. Mr. Medary became identified with it in 1860, and remained with it through many changes until he is now the sole head and owner. He employs a large number of people, and the articles which he makes are sold as far east as New York, to the north as far as Winnipeg, south to St. Louis and on the west to and even beyond the Missouri River.

DAVIS, MEDARY & PLATZ CO.

Another establishment with which Mr. Medary is identified is the La Crosse Tannery, or to state it more correctly the Davis, Medary & Platz Co. The tannery was established by these parties in 1877 and organized into a joint stock company in 1883. The company employs sixty hands, uses up 3,000 cords of bark yearly and turns out goods to the amount of \$150,000 per annum. Their leather is shipped to every point of the compass, and in the East

it is in special demand, there being no superior quality made.

SAWYER & AUSTIN LUMBER CO.

While there are no drones in the community, the North Side in particular is a hive of busy workers. Originally a district corporation, it was in 1855 added to the city as the Fifth Ward, and such has been its growth that in the revision of the city charter during the past session of the Legislature its population and territory entitled it to divisions into three wards. Among the working bees of this hive are Messrs. Sawyer & Austin, dealers in logs, manufacturers of lumber, etc., etc. The firm was established in 1871 and have been uniformly successful in all their operations. The saw and planing mills are conveniently situated on the Black River, and all the machinery is of the latest and most approved patterns. They not only operate on their own account, doing business all through Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois and Missouri, but are also largely engaged in manufacturing and rafting for other parties, their operations amounting to about \$250,000 per annum.

N. B. HOLWAY,

whose establishment is situated on the Black River is also one of the most substantial and complete in this section. The mill was destroyed by fire in 1877 and in rebuilding, Mr. Holway spared no expense to protect his property against a similar disaster. Brick and iron is liberally used in construction. Iron doors cut off adjoining departments and water is laid in throughout. Most of the lumber and other building materials manufactured in this mill are rafted to points on the lower river, where they are in great demand.

AN EXTENSIVE LUMBER PLANT.

There are two large saw-mills in the southern portion of the city, and one of these conducted by C. L. Colman is entitled to special mention. This mill was first started by Mr. Colman 1854, and to those who can recollect its appearance and capacity and compare it with the establish-

ment of the present day, the contrast is amazing. In April of last year the whole of Mr. Colman's and the adjoining mill was destroyed by fire, but he at once made arrangements for keeping up his supply until he could rebuild, and the new mill is now ready to start up. In rebuilding no expense has been spared to procure the best machinery, having in view steadiness of motion, and consequent saving of physical strain on the employee, and the production of a better finished article. The previous mills, which will be succeeded by the one just built, employed over 300 hands, and turned out in lumber, lath and shingles about 50,000,000 feet per annum. The grounds covered by the buildings and occupied as lumber yards constitute an area of over fifty city lots and form quite a little village in themselves. The products are mostly shipped west, Mr. Colman having thirty branch yards in Iowa, Minnesota, Dakota and Nebraska, to which he ships lumber, sash, doors, blinds, building paper, paints, etc., and much of the supervision is exercised by his son Lucius C. Colman, who inherits much of his father's persistent temperament and all of his bland courtesy and *savoir faire*. As a citizen, Mr. Colman is largely endowed with public spirit and a sense of his responsibilities. He was the first president of the Board of Trade and has always been identified with every scheme for the public good.

THE LA CROSSE WALLIS CARRIAGE WORKS is an establishment of which the city has some reason to be proud. The business is carried on in a brick building 40x140 feet and five stories high. The motive power is furnished by an engine of original design, the invention of a La Crosse genius, and the works furnish regular employment to fifty hands. The corporation makes a specialty of fine carriage work, in which they will yield the palm to none, and their vehicles have a large sale throughout Wisconsin, Michigan, Illinois and Missouri on the east, and in Colorado, California and all the intervening territory on the west. The officers are A. H. Davis, President; G. R. Montague, Vice-President; J. A. Edwards, Secretary; S. S. Burton, Treasurer, and F. P. Wallis, Gen'l Superintendent.

THE "WHITE" IS KING.

The above is the trade mark of the wide-awake White Sewing Machine Company. They claim that whenever their machine is well represented it will take the leading place in the trade. The correctness of their claim is proven by the result in La Crosse. About two and one-half years ago the popular and pushing firm of Bosshard & Doerflinger, 314 and 316 South Fourth Street, bought their first bill of White machines, and the "White" soon took first place in their trade, and is to-day the most popular machine sold in La Crosse. Messrs. Bosshard & Doerflinger, under the directions and assisted by the White Sewing Machine Company, gave their third annual embroidery and art exhibit of work executed on the "White" April 16th to 24th. This was an affair of no ordinary interest, and is each year attracting more and more attention. It reflects great credit on all connected with it, and demonstrates the wonderful capacity of this popular machine.

At the Club: "What a bilious beggar Bugson is?" "Yaas, puffeck beaw, bay jove?" "What can be the mattaw with him, bay? He must be in love." "Yaas, in love with his stomach, don't chew know, and his livaw is jealous."—*Town Topics*.

A Chinaman is speaking to himself as he irons a shirt. Picks up a shirt showing evidence of having been well cared for and says:

"Bachelor. Him landlady fix him."

Picks up another, buttonless and all frayed at the wrist and neck, and says:

"Mallied man."—*Boston Courier*.

GLIMPSES OF WESTERN LIFE.

A Lady on a Cowcatcher.

"It is an awful thing to do!" I hear a voice say, as the little group lean forward; and for a moment I feel a thrill that is very like fear; but it is gone at



R. CALVERT, SECRETARY LA CROSSE BOARD OF TRADE.

once, and I can think of nothing but the novelty, the excitement and the fun of this mad ride in glorious sunshine and intoxicating air, with magnificent mountains before and around me, their lofty peaks smiling down on us, and never a frown on their grand faces.

The pace quickens gradually, surely, swiftly, and then we are rushing up to the summit. We soon stand on the "Great Divide"—5,300 feet above sea-level—between the two great oceans. As we pass,

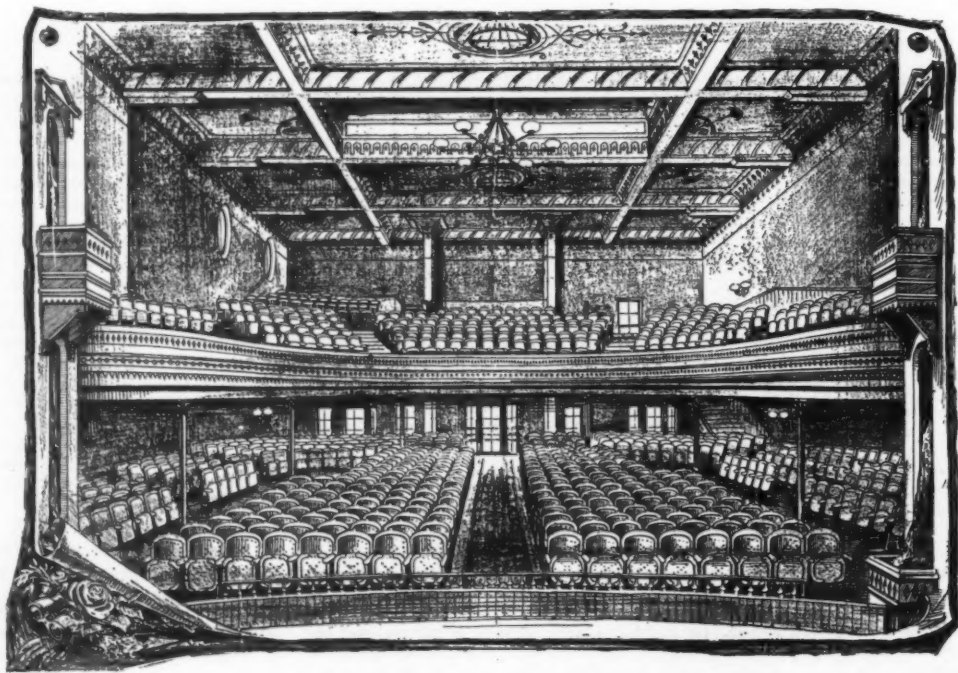
Many tunnels lie in our way as we rush by them, and during a halt I am told one of the tunnels is "wet." This being interpreted, means that the arching rock is full of springs, which pour on the train as it passes. An umbrella and waterproof are therefore necessary for me—now sole occupant of the cow-catcher; and with praiseworthy economy I take

off my hat, tuck it safely under my wraps and prepare to encounter the "wet" tunnel thus equipped. We plunge into a few moments' darkness—water splashing and dripping on every side; and as we emerge into sunlight again and stop just beyond the tunnel, I see a party of young English sportsmen standing near the roadside. They have evidently just climbed the bank, guns in hand, leaving a large canoe with two Indian paddlers on the lake below. Fine, tall young Saxons they are, in sporting attire somewhat the worse for long travel, but very conventional in style, notwithstanding. Just imagine the feelings with which these well-regulated young men beheld a lady, bareheaded and with an umbrella, seated in front of an engine at the mouth of a tunnel in the Gold Range of British Columbia! I am sorely afraid I laughed outright at the blank amazement of their rosy faces and longed to tell them what fun it was; but not being "introduced, you know," I contented myself with acknowledging their presence by a solemn little bow—which was quite irresistible under the circumstances.

A somewhat similar incident occurred next day during our journey in the valley of the Fraser River. The special stopped at a station where a mule train was just starting for some distant gold mines, laden with miners' supplies. It was very interesting to see the sturdy animals all packed and ready, standing in regular order, waiting for the word of command from their driver, which was instantly obeyed, all filing along at equal distance with the air of quadrupeds of superior intelligence, who had made up their minds to avoid

hurry or confusion. It chanced to be one of our halts at tea-time, and, as usual, my cup of tea and slice of bread and butter were brought to the buffer-beam. I had just been presented with two large bouquets which lay in my lap. While I leisurely sipped my tea, there suddenly appeared before me a very thin, tall, melancholy looking American, having something to do with the pack train now slowly winding off through the mountains. Never shall I forget the expression of that man's face as he steadily regarded me, seated composedly on the cow-catcher, surrounded with flowers, a plate of bread and butter on a candle-box near by, taking afternoon tea. To remain silent was impossible. "Good evening," I said.

The man nodded and drew a long breath. "Have you come far?" he asked after a long pause. "From the other side of the Rockies," I answered carelessly as if peaking of a stroll round a village—300 miles or so. "Did you come that way down the Thompson?" he next asked, a little anxiously. "O yes—and I



LA CROSSE.—INTERIOR McMILLAN OPERA HOUSE.

Mr. E—, by a gesture, points out a small river (called Bath Creek, I think) which, issuing from a lake on the narrow summit-level, winds near the track. I look, and lo! the water flowing eastward, towards the Atlantic side, turns in a moment as the Divide is passed, and pours westward down the Pacific slope.

am going to the sea." "You aint afraid likely?" he continued, looking more melancholy than ever. "Not at all." "Now look here," he said, pausing between each word, "it's real dangerous. I would not do this thing for a lot of money!" Then thrusting his hands into his pockets with a civil, "Good evening, Missis," he disappeared round the engine.—*Lady Macdonald in Murray's Magazine.*

Merits of Dakota.

Once in a while we hear a man say "I'd rather have a farm in Kansas, or Ohio, or Illinois. Very well. So would most any one rather have an improved farm in an old settled country than w'd prairie in a new one. For our part, we'd much rather have 160 acres in the heart of St. Paul, Minneapolis, or Chicago, than here. The only difficulty is, we can't get it there; we can here. Three little street arabs once entered single-file into a high-toned Broadway drug-store, in New York, and said: "Mister, give us a cent's worth of licorice." The clerk, with a frown: "We don't sell a cent's worth of licorice." Sadly the procession marched out. But it soon returned, and again approached the counter. "Mister, do you sell ten cents' worth of licorice?" said the foremost boy. "Yes," replied the clerk. "Well, we aint got 'em," said the leader, and again the procession departed.

And that's what brings most of us to this new country—"we aint got 'em." If we had 'em, the chances are we wouldn't seek the inconveniences to be found in a pioneer life but stay at our former homes, in the midst of old friends, and enjoy our wealth. Dakota is not perfect, by any means. It has many good points, and some the opposite. It will not do to paint everything in glowing colors, regardless of the truth. History does not tell us that Daniel Boone and the other Kentucky "boomers" sent back word to "the States" that the timber was easy to cut; that a man could clear 160 acres in two years; that the Indians were all members of the Y. M. C. A.; that they used their tomahawks solely for opening canned corn beef and Boston baked beans; and that they shot in the direction of the settlers just to see how close they could come without hitting, and thus display their marksmanship.

Dakota is just this: It is a good farming and stock-raising country; it is one of the most healthful sections of America; it has an intelligent and law-abiding population; the spring, summer and autumn are all that could be desired; the winters, except the present, since the settlement of the Missouri Slope, have not been at all disagreeable; and—most important—Dakota is the only part of the United States where a good farm can be had for the asking.—*Williamsport Record.*



LA CROSSE.—ESTABLISHMENT OF J. S. MEDARY.



LA CROSSE.—THE McMILLAN BUILDING.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Professor Drummond's book, "*Natural Law in the Spiritual World*," has in cheap form renewed its original success. The cheap edition is published by John B. Alden, New York and Chicago, price sixty cents. It is a curious fact—and one to be commended to discouraged authors—that the MS. of this wonderfully successful book was twice declined with thanks by London publishers.

John B. Alden of New York is issuing what he calls the *Ideal Edition* of the complete works of Shakespeare in twelve volumes printed from large type on good thick paper with wide margins to the page. It is bound in cloth beveled boards and gilt top and the price for the whole set is only \$6 with eight cents extra for postage. Bound in half morocco with marble edges the price is \$7.50. As an effective means of advertising this edition Mr. Alden sent the first three volumes for a few weeks after they were issued for the absurdly low price of twenty cents per volume.

Elles H. Roberts, the veteran editor of the *Utica Herald*, who is widely known in the politics and journalism of the Empire State as an independent thinker and vigorous writer, is the author of the *History of New York*, which has just appeared in Houghton, Mifflin & Co's "American Commonwealths" series. The magnitude of the subject has occasioned the departure from the one volume rule that has hitherto governed this excellent series, and the work appears in two volumes. Mr. Roberts' style is clear and direct, and the work is eminently readable. There is not a foggy paragraph or a dull chapter from beginning to end. These volumes must find a place in the library of every intelligent native of New York, who is proud of her greatness. In his closing chapter on "the primacy of New York," Mr. Roberts says that she has not less than 6,000,000

people, and that of the nations of the world only fourteen have more inhabitants than this commonwealth, while twenty-two accounted considerable, have a less population. (Price of the two volumes \$2.50.)

A compact popular work on electricity, which shall describe in a manner comprehensible to the non-scientific reader the wonderful results of recent discovery and application, has become almost a necessity to the multitude of people who try to keep up with the progress of the age. Such a book has been written by T. C. Mendenhall and has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston. (Price \$1.25.) It is not a scientific treatise or a history of the science of electricity, but an effort to enable the general reader, unfamiliar with the nomenclature of the science to understand the more important phases of its development, and to give him such a knowledge of its fundamental principles as will enable him to comprehend the meaning of what he sees in electrical devices with which he almost daily comes in contact.

A new edition of the *Apocryphal Life of Jesus* has been published in a single small volume by John B. Alden, New York. An unprejudiced reader who goes through these so-called extra-canonical books cannot fail to recognize their value as throwing side lights upon the gospel narrative. Much of the matter they contain is evidently legendary; some is puerile and absurd; but there can be little doubt that many actual occurrences in the life of Jesus are narrated which are not mentioned in either of the four gospels. Unless the student of Christian history is ready to argue that the majority of the members of the Council of Nice were themselves inspired when they selected certain writings about Jesus as inspired books and rejected others, he must admit that the New Testament does not necessarily contain all that was truthfully written concerning the doings and sayings of the Savior.

For The Northwest Magazine.

YARNS OF AN OLD MINER.

BY HARRY P. ROBINSON.



VII.

Acting in Earnest.

It war 'long to New Year's, '71, as we hed this 'ere show in Placer City. An' shows warn't no common thing in camp them days. Ther' hedn't been but one show in Placer City afore this one; an' that warn't altogether a success like. Ther' war too much buryin' to do next day.

Yer see it war this ways. Some o' the boys they gits together an' give a kinder song an' dance one night an' I guess as the hull camp war ther' to see. Some o' the boys was a bit noisy an' ther' war one o' them as was givin' the show 'as warn't extry well liked, an' when he come on the stage the audience sorter grew personal an' begun to give him dirt. Then he gits personal back; and then someone drewed a gun. Next minute ther' war shootin'; an' next day ther' war three funerals. So's altogether that show warn't from some pints o' view quite a success, as I've said, an' I guess it may kinder discouraged the boys with the show business. Leastwise thet fust one war on the Fourth o' July, '69 an' ther' hedn't been no more until this as I'm tellin' of on the First o' January, '71—jest a year 'n a half. We was too fur from the road—nigh on to fifty mlie, fur any o' the travellin' shows to strike us, an' 'ceptin' the two Italians as used to fiddle in Poker Charlie's place every night, ther' hadn't bin no reglar what yer might call a entertainment, for all thet time.

Sinct then, however, some new folks ned come inter camp. 'Twarn't as hard 'n tough a place as it hed bin, an' amongst the new folks was a few women which hain't commonly very plenty in minin' camps. An' it war these new 'uns as worked the show. Ther' war Jim Crowell an' his sister, Carrie, an' Judge Barton as was a justice o' the peace, an' the old woman Barton, an' Bill Harkins an' some others as I disremember.

The Crowells, they was queer ones. We boys could none of us guess what bringed 'em into camp. They didn't seem to be doin' nawthin', though Jim he did own a claim as he'd bought a mile or so down the gulch. But he didn't never work her to amount to nawthin', though she war right good ground too an' laid nicely. He used to put in most o' his time loafin' round an' swappin' lies. The idee in camp was as he'd been in trouble somewheres, an' it was 'cos the law war a bit too pressin' in its attentions as he'd come out to Placer. But he war a good kind o' chap, war Jim, an' in camp folks hain't too curous as to who each other is. 'Taint allus hulsome to ask too many questions, wher' every man totes a 44 Smith an' Wesson round with him. So if Jim Crowell seed fit to stay in Placer City fur his health, 'twarn't nobody's biz but his own. An' if he'd went, his sister 'd a went too; an' gals, as I've said, warn't as plenty as bears in berry-time. Anyways she war a gal as no camp 'ed keer to part with. Quiet-like an' allus smillin', nice-faced an' neat in her ways—kep ther' cabin in good shape—an' ther' was plenty o' the boys as would a bin glad to hev her. But she didn't 'courage no one, lest it war this 'ere Bill Harkins.

Bill was a chap as I hadn't got no uset fur. He war one o' these loud-mouthed, roarin' kind o' galoots; allus bullyin' an' hurrawin' an' talkin' fight, but the time as Missouri Dave drawed on him he jist flunked like a cayote in a snow-drift. 'Hedn't got no more fight to 'im 'n a Jack rabbit; an' it warn't on'y them as didn't know him as took any stock in his bluffin'. He war purty well fixed, 'cos he owned nigh on to half the lots in town an' hed two good twenty-rod claims on different gulches. We didn't know nawthin' about his record, 'ceptin' as some o' the boys as hed bin in Virginia City said as he used to live ther' an' he'd a nigger wife who run a resturant as hed set him up in Placer. However, none of us knowed, an' none of us keered to know. He warn't liked, an' the boys felt bad as a gal like her shed cum to take up with a chump like him. Sometimes when he war in liquor—which war purty frequent—he 'd git to braggin' about his friendliness with her, round the saloons. Ther' war one time as we war playin' stud down to the Palace saloon. Harkins wer' settin' nex to Cap. Dennison. Cap hisself 'd bin sweet on her oncet, an' it war guessed round as he'd tried to git her an' she'd said "no". Wall, this night Harkins he took to blowin'.

"Wal," he says, as he scoops in a pot, "that 'll help set up housekeepin'. What 'll yer say boys if I gets married? Ther's Carrie Crowell, an' a man might do worst. Eh, Cap?" he says, "not but what I dersay I might done better."

An I sees an ugly look come into Cap's face an' thought 'twar about time fur Bill to quit or he'd hev more'n his hands 'n he could attend to. But Cap jist grit his teeth an' said nawthin' an' a minit arter he cashed in his chips an' left, an' as he git up I heard him mutter between his teeth like, "God help the gal!"

An' that's about what all of us felt. An' it didn't seem possible as she hadn't a knowed what kinder man he war, 'cos he'd be drunk at all times o' the day. But somehow they 'peared on'y to git thicker an' thicker. He war round to Crowell's cabin nigh on to every night, an' when she'd meet him on the streets she'd allus stop and talk a bit, whiles she wouldn't but nod to any of us other boys an' jist pass on. It did seem a gol-darned mean layout as she should go fur to throw herself away 'n a chap like him. But if Jim he didn't stop it, we didn't see's how ther' could be any call for us to interfere.

An' so things went on till the end o' the year, an' the boys git madder an' madder as ther' didn't seem no chance fur her to shet down on him. An' then the day o' the show come.

Them three, Jim's sister an' Jim and Bill Harkins, they was the leadin' characters. I dunno wher' they git the play from, but I guess Jim took it from some book. I war doin' the promptin' act, an' Jim give me a copy o' the play writ in his sister's handwritin'. The story o' the play wer' this:

Jim Crowell he war the hero, as wer' in love with the heroine, which war his sister. Bill Harkins he war the villain—an' good enough—an' he commits a forgery which Jim gits suspected of. Ther' ain't no way o' Jim's provin' his innocence so he jumps the country. Arter he's gone, Bill Harkins makes love to his gal an' makes her believe as Jim wer' really guilty, an' to last persuaded her to marry him. They was married right on the stage afore the audience an' jest as they hed signed the record, in slides Jim with proof of his innocence. The gal who really loves him faints, an' ther's an all-fired time of it fur a while till to last they forces the forgery on Bill an' shows as his marriage warn't legal; an' things all come up so as the right man wins at the end o' the hand, an' Bill's jailed.

'Twarn't a bad yarn, an' Barton, (him as was justice) played the justice in the play who married 'em. Then Bill Harkins was the villain, an' God Almighty, I reckon, had filed on him for a villain when he fust staked out creation. Jim an' his sister did fust-class as the hero an' heroine. Ther' was other characters; but they didn't pan out to much.

Wal, sir, all that New Year's ther' warn't a shovel

turned in camp. Snow was purty thick anyway, an' it was on'y wher' the bed-rock war deep an' in the drifts as any work hed bin done fur some weeks. Then sinct Christmas it'd bin a kinder of a hurraw right along an' on the day o' the show the hull country laid off an' boys came in from all the gulches round.

Long in the day some o' the boys got to tobogganin'. But tobogganin' in camp aint what you call it in St. Paul—not by forty rods. The toboggans ("shibowgs" we used to call 'em) ain't built to carry passengers. They's on'y fur freight, to haul truck over the trails in snow-time, an' to haul a shibowg with a hundred an' twenty pounds o' freight on it over a mountain is about as hard a way o' servin' the Lord as I've struck.

If ever yer has the choice, Mr. Editor, between standin' in the tail-race at two dollars a day an' haulin' a shibowg at ten, you take the tail-race every time!

So them shibowgs hain't more'n about three foot long, jist a pair o' runners an' a few cross pieces to make 'em as light as possible. Then we hedn't no slide—on'y the mountain. The mountain above Placer warn't quite as steep as the bluffs down to the Mississippi, but it wer' nigh on to it. Then ther' was pine stumps stickin' up in spots above the snow, an' when a man struck a stump an' he come, first, head first, then heels first on an' his toboggan didn't, (which war as often as not) it war more fun than catamounts.

Wal, the boys 'ed slide an' then they'd liquor. An then they'd liquor an' then they'd slide; an long towards evenin' the hull camp war more or less drunk an' six shooters was crackin' off (on'y in sport) purty lively.

Eight o'clock was the hour fixed fur the play, an' every saloon and gamblin' house war dead empty by then an' the hull camp war collected outside the door. Then we let 'em in an' in twenty minits ther' war nigh on to six pounds o' dust weighed in at the entrance, an' the room was jist packed solid. We hadn't no scenery nor sich; but Crowell's sister, she'd fixed up the stage with prints from the saloons and sech till it looked the toniest room you ever seed, an' Poker Charlie's Italian was down in front to play between the acts.

The boys they soon gits on to the story, an' they hollered an' let off ther' guns through the roof till the air was that thick what with backy and powder smoke as you couldn't hardly see nawthin'. An' whenever the villain—that was Bill Harkins—would come out, they'd yell at him an call "shoot him!" "lynch the son-of-a-gun!" "don't let him marry you" (to the gal) an' so on an' so on. You never seed sich an all-fired hell-hole as that ere room war! An' when the marriage was goin' on, they all set ther' as silent an' stiff, jest grittin' ther' teeth with rage 'cos she'd let him git roun her. Then suddenly Jim steps on the stage an' strikes a big attitude at Bill, an' the hull house jist git on to its feet an' howled and stamped with every gun in the room goin' off together like a rattle o' musketry. Ther never warn't sich a sight in any buildin' sinct all the animals was let out o' the ark, an' I got so excited that I jest jumped out on the stage an' waved my copy over my head an' hollered too.

Wal, arter a bit it war all over an' Jim had got his sister fur his wife an' Bill was hand-cuffed all in good shape, an' then the curtain come down fur a minit an' then I pulled it up again to git some air, 'cos the room war as thick with smoke as a forest fire. The crowd war satisfied with the way things 'd panned out, an' as soon as it wer' over they started fur the door, still whoopin' an' hollerin'.

We waited fur 'em to git out an' was standin' all in a bunch on the stage to cool off an' talk it over. Harkins he stood kinder quiet havin' picked up the book with the marriage record which war all signed in regular form, kinder careless-like an' waitin' fur the time to move.

"Wal," says Jim "let's get out o' this smoke an' heat into the air" an' turns to his sister.

The room was nearly empty now when Harkins

steps up. He'd an ugly look in his face an' "All right," says he to Jim's sister, "let's go, Carrie. I've fixed my cabin up in good shape, an' I guess you'll be comfortable enough as my wife."

We all looks at one another, not knowin' what to make of it. Carrie, I see her kinder start an' look anxiously at Jim; but Jim, he says quietly enough:

"What d'yer mean, Bill?"

"I mean" says he, "that she's my wife, an' I mean to have her." Then, arter a pause "you thought you was on'y play-actin', didn't yer? Wal, I didn't. I meant business. I meant business when I git the license out this mornin' from Judge Barton (didn't I Judge?) an' asked you to say nawthin' about it, 'cos the wedding warn't comin' off for a week or so an' the gal wanted it kep' quiet. I meant business when I come here to-night. I mean business now. Hain't we married? Hain't there the records? Hain't it all signed an' witnessed in shape? Hain't Barton a qualified justice? Hain't we married, Judge—me an' Carrie?"

I never knowed whether Judge Barton war in the scheme or not; but he says kinder nervously "I married you two, to rights, Bill, married you as sure as I ever married anybody. But I reckoned as we was on'y actin'!"

"On'y actin' be d——d" says Bill, "we was actin' fur life, we was."

Jim he had stood quiet so far. Then:

"An' what do you perpose to do now, Mr. Harkins?" he says.

"I perpose to have my wife, an' by God! she shall sleep in my cabin to-night."

"She is not your wife" was all Jim says. The gal, she didn't say nawthin'.

The news had got out now as somethin' was wrong inside, an' the boys had purty nigh all come back agin, an' was crowdin' up through the smoke close to the stage, jest holdin' ther' breath to listen. We others stood round an' watched.

"She hain't your wife!" says Jim agin.

"Mine she is, by J——C——and mine she shall be! Come!" an' with that he steps out an' grabs her by the wrist. Quick as a flash Jim jumped in between an' knocked his hand down. With an oath, Bill jumps back an' claps his hand on his pistol-pocket. But ther' warn't no gun ther'. He'd got his actin' clothes on an' had forgot his gun.

"I hain't armed neither," says Jim. An' at that Bill plucks up agin an'.

"Stand out o' the way then" says he, "yer wouldn't hev me when I asked yer, Carrie, on Christmas day; but now, by God! you've got to." An' again he moved up to grab her.

"Mr. Harkins" says Jim, slowly and distinctly in the dead silence, an' with the whole room in front o' the stage, jest a mass o' upturned faces shining through the smoke, "this lady is not your wife; an' I'll tell you why, because—she's mine!"

Wal, sir, it was so still in that room that you could ev' heard a man spit on the floor. I guess the boys didn't rightly know whether it war all actin' still, or whether it war business. I war gettin' mixed myself, to see them two fellows both standin' up ther' an' claimin' the gal jest as they'd done in the play, an' all with ther' actin' outfits on. But the actin' had improved mightily since the first play ended. Then Jim stepped to the front o' the stage.

"Yes, boys," says he, "fur over a year that I've been in camp, I've bin lyin' to you all. A good many o' you boys as wanted to marry my wife, can understand now why she said 'no.' I've had a good reason fur lyin', but ther' aint no reason no longer. I didn't never come to Placer City, as some of you may have guessed, to mine. It warn't dust as I come to look fur—it war a murderer."

Ther' warn't a whisper in the room, but as he says this ther' came a kind o' shiftn' an' movin' o' feet an' everyone pressed a bit closer to hear him.

"I bin callin' my wife, my sister," says he, "fur two reasons. In the fust place, no man never heard of a detective takin' his sister round in his huntin'. In the second place, an unmarried woman might be

useful in helpin' me to win the confidence o' the man as I was arter, wher' a married man would o' bin none. An' it's panned out well. My wife done everythin' nobly; an' now, boys, ther's one more act to this show."

Then suddenly he turns to Harkins, who was standin' by his side, an' claps his hand on his shoulder.

"I arrest you, William Harkins, alias Thomas Markham, fur the murder of Nellie Grace."

Harkins never said a word. His face was as white as quartz-crystals. Instinctively his hand went agin to his hip-pocket. Then, rememberin' his gun was gone, his arms dropped by his sides an' a groan broke from his white lips. The boys caught on to the lay right off. Ther' never was such a life-like bit of actin'—an real tragedy at that—done on any stage since the world began; an' as Jim stood with his hand on Harkins' collar a yell went up from that crowd that might o' bin heard out to the railroad. They applauded an' stamped an' hollered. An' bang! crack! bang! went the guns—why the racket when Jim had stepped on to the stage arter the weddin', or when Harkins had bin arrested in the play, wer' jist deaf-mute silence to the din what broke out then. In those three minutes ther' war enough bullets pumped into the roof o' that cabin to make it assay away up as a lead vein. When Jim begin to speak agin, however, it war deathly still in a moment.

"Jake" says he, turnin' to me, "has yer got a gun about you?"

I had.

"Just get the drop on him" he says, "while I get those hand-cuffs he took off a few minutes back, and put 'em on agin."

Fur a moment Harkins looked like fight. But I had the dead wood on him, an' soon's he saw the gun levelled at his head, he weakened. He war a coward an' a bully in every vein o' his body. In a minute Jim had the handcuffs on him and the crowd yelled agin. Then Jim called up the sheriff from the audience, an' the sheriff, he calls up his deputy. They whispered together for a minute or two and then the deputy went off through the crowd down the room an' out o' the door. A minute later the sheriff turned an' led Harkins out by the door behind the stage. The crowd at oncet broke fur the door they'd come in at, but when they git ther', ther' stood the deputy with a gun in each hand.

"Stand back, boys," says he, "the first man as sets foot outside that door is a stiff!"

They knowed as he meant business and no one felt like gettin' shot jest then, so they turned back fur the stage to follow the sheriff. But here me an' Jim did the same ack, an' so we kep' 'em penned up fur ten minutes I guess, till we reckoned as Harkins war safe in jail. Then we stood aside an' let 'em go.

But it warn't o' much uset, fur Harkins never come to trial. Next mornin' he war hangin' dead to a tree right up at the top o' the place wher' we'd bin tobogganning the day before. The sheriff an' his deputy an' Jim, they did all as they could to stop it; but the camp war jest crazy with liquor an' the excitement o' the day an' night, an' had to have ther' way.

So altogether shows was not what you would call quite a success in Placer City. Ther' was too many funerals connected with 'em an' no man till the camp went up ever tried to git up another. But its mighty seldom that any stage has better actin' on it than was done that New Year's day in '71, when Bill Harkins played the villain, an' Jim Crowell, he come out strong in the hero act.

THE ROSLYN COAL MINES.

A correspondent of the Portland *Oregonian*, writing from Ellensburg, Washington Territory, says:

To a person who is not familiar with the Minervale suddenness with which new towns and even cities spring into existence along the lines of new or projected railroads in the wide West, a visit to the coal mines of the Northern Pacific Company at Roslyn, in this county, will prove a revelation. Leaving

the main line at Cle-el-um, a run of four miles over a smooth road and easy grade, through an unbroken forest of pine, fir and tamarack, and you find yourself in the midst of a scene of teeming life and activity that transcends your most exaggerated fancy. A puffing engine and whistling saw to the left denote that the stately forest is being rapidly converted to the demands of commerce and the comforts of civilization, while the towering building to the right of the track, connected with a high trestle running far up the gulch, indicates the already perfected facilities for transferring the coal from the mines to the cars. Following the curve of the track, you soon find yourself in Pennsylvania Avenue, a broad street, flanked on either side for several blocks by substantial buildings, devoted to general merchandising, hotels, restaurants, meat shops, barber shops, shoe shops, furniture stores, real estate offices, stables, and one—and only one—gin mill. Walking northwest from the main street a quarter of a mile, you ascend a round knoll reserved for a church site, and discover peeping out among the trees on every side hastily constructed but comfortable miners' and lumbermen's homes, while across Smith's Run, a clear, living stream, in a new addition to the original town, are commencing to appear more pretentious residences. The large two-story hotel of the company is full of guests, as are also all the smaller public houses. A school supported by private contribution has been started, with some seventy scholars.

The first private building was put up in October, and already fifty-nine lots have been built on, and many more sold that will be occupied in the spring. There are between 400 and 500 people in the town, 215 of whom were on the pay roll last month. Cle-el-um Lake, a beautiful sheet of water one by six miles in area, is only three and one-half miles beyond Roslyn, and to it the railroad can, and doubtless soon will, be extended over an easy grade. The entrance to the mines is at the head of a gulch or canyon, about 1800 feet above the railroad track. Tunnels have been run into the coal vein from both sides of the gulch, the one on the right side (mine No. 1) being in about 600 feet, and the other (No. 2) 300 feet; and coal is being taken out of both of them. Light machinery has thus far been used for lowering and pulling up the dump cars, and the output of coal is consequently limited, but an engine and boilers of ample capacity, with all necessary appurtenances are at hand, and only wait the grading of the foundation at the head of the gulch to be put in place and operation, when it is intended to increase the output to 1000 tons per day. This will necessitate the doubling or tripling of the operating force, and the growth of the town will receive a corresponding impetus. The site of the town is being cleared of trees for lumber purposes, and the coming season will see important street improvements. The company will build a larger hotel and general storehouse. A school house is in contemplation; a planer and shingle machine will soon be added to the sawmill, and finally it is the intention of the company to furnish their coal to all points reached by the Northern Pacific Railroad in the inland empire, as well as to Portland, and probably San Francisco.

For The Northwest Magazine.

EASTER MORNING.

Sweet Easter bells, sweet Easter bells,
Proclaim the news the angel tells—
Christ the Redeemer liveth!
The chimes of eighteen centuries ring,
The Easter hymn, the choirs sing,
Christ the Redeemer liveth!

Dear Easter morn, dear Easter morn,
Thy sunbeams, truly heaven born,
Wake springtime's leaves and flowers;
Let from the roots of memory sprout
Sweet childish faith above cold doubt
In this deaf world of ours.

St. Paul, March, 1887.

E. H.

THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE for April is devoted to Minneapolis, and the result is admirable,—the best showing, perhaps, both in the illustrations and the letter-press that any city has ever received from a periodical.—*Northwestern Railroad.*



For The Northwest Magazine.

MULES I HAVE MET.

BY J. WATERMELON REDHEADINGTON.

The American hen is a useful animal, but her work when weighed in pounds and inches is as nothing in the balance with the missionary labors of the American mule.

Ever since Brigadier-General Balboa dipped his cast-ironed feet in the damp waters of the Pacific and proclaimed possession of all the salt floating on the surface, the mule has been distinguished as the national bird of Spanish America.

This great and glorious, vast and curious North Pacific coast is fast developing. It has been thus developing for many years in the face of wet winters in Western Oregon and dry summers in Eastern Oregon.

For this development give all due credit to its originators, the Indians, who first demonstrated that the self-sown crop of cowse and camas could be successfully harvested with a straight stick and primitive crowbar. Forget not that the red man, or rather his wife, was the first man to introduce this system of agriculture throughout the great Northwest. Also do not forget that the pioneer prospectors, the miners, the settlers and the railroads had considerable to do with the settlement of the country. But while you are plastering all proper credit on these first factors, do not forget the mule.

Misrepresent not the mule, for he has been too much so already. His superficial observers and casual companions have viewed him as very vicious, giving him credit for not kicking daylight out of the moon only on account of the shortness of his length of leg.

This snap judgment on an animal who cannot conscientiously be called a dumb brute, is certainly sad to contemplate.

To be sure, the sturdy settler came to a new country where he had to live on elk and venison, while the family of the girl he left behind him had access to toughened beef; the settler had no fragrant onion or other fruit to eat until he could raise it himself, and boiled wheat, or flour ground in a rapid-reduction coffee-mill, bark and all, were among his necessary and treasured luxuries. The railroad left its home-ranch in the well-populated East, and thrust its cow-catcher out into this wide, wild West when there was not local traffic enough to reimburse its section-boss, and if there had been an Inter-State bill to prohibit passes, passengers would have been few and far apart.

What was the mule doing all this time? He was knocking around through the rough ravines and climbing over the mountains, hunting out the hostile Indians who would descend by night to destroy the

improvements raised by day by the white man. The railroads and the settlers stayed in the valleys of promise, while Mr. Mule went to the rugged rim-rocks and forest fastnesses to secure the security of the pleasant places lower down.

The American soldier was with the mule. Hand in hand they went to the high points, that incipient civilization might flourish in lower latitudes. The soldier had a hard time, but yet he was less thoughtless of the morrow than was the patient pack-mule. When it were possible the soldier took with him perhaps ten days' rations. If these rations were put up on full valley stomachs they most generally gave out on the seventh day. The other three days could take care of themselves, as many another man has to do.

The mule did not pack any rations for himself. He was always willing to take his chances on filling his stomach at night, while others slept. Sometimes he found fair feed on the wild timothy and red-top of the mountain meadow, and often, very often, he had to fill up on the tar-grass and bitter twigs of the mountain mahogany, and on this latter diet, which will never satisfy an animal's longing as something else can do, he would come up to camp smiling and braying as vigorously as though he had had a square meal.

As a general rule, the American mule is a trim and well-made animal. You may sometimes see a horse raised from some of the crossed seed sent out to congressmen's constituents by Mr. Normanpercheron Coleman, of the United States agricultural experimental indoor ranch, which said horse will have a slim barrel, corset waist and legs like a piano. But you never see such ill-shaped legs on a mule.

My oldest acquaintance among mules was Old Tom, whom I have met at several military posts of the Pacific. He stands full sixteen hands, without woolen socks, and no soldier ever guesses of his age at less than forty-five years. His once jet-black hair is generously graced with gray, and army annals arraign him for complicity in the war against Mexico, and being brought to the North Pacific coast by General Harney. His age and long service give him his regular retired ration, and he seems to take great pleasure in standing in the sunshine and sleeping for hours at a time. But when a campaign opens up, or a scouting expedition leaves the post his old-time fire returns, and he has to be doubly tied to prevent his starting off with the pack-train.

Most of the stories about a mule's viciousness seems to originate far from the front. You can go out on a campaign which is accompanied according to the size of the command by from a dozen to 400 mules, and you see very little viciousness on the part of the mule. Instead you see patient, sure-footed workers, tough as castiron, intelligent and indispensable. You see a mule with 300, perhaps 400 pounds on his back, stepping briskly along the rugged trail, often where there is no trail. His pack loosens and he immediately slacks his step or stops. Two packers come up to him, clap the usual leather blind over his eyes, tighten the lash-rope, and the moment things are again properly adjusted away goes the mule in a jog-trot to regain his position in the procession. He stands perfectly still while being readjusted, while under similar circumstances a horse has to be chased around and cornered, and if he gets half a chance he will stampede and kick his pack all to pieces.

The mule is capable of great affection, his traducers to the contrary notwithstanding. He shows all the symptoms of love toward the bell-mare who leads his pack-train, and where she leads he will follow. Even as I whittle off the point of the pencil which scribbles these few lines, I have but to look through the frosted windows which have not been washed since this print-shop was another kind of shop, and in the eager and nipping air I can see a couple of Dutch John's old mules standing around with six inches of snow on the ground and three inches on their backs, patiently waiting for their master to blow the bugle blast which shall call them

to work or to eat. That master limp in death below the surface of some haymow, blows not the blast until he shall sober up, meanwhile the mules affectionately wait around and pick up stray straws dropped from loads being hauled to starving sheep. For this is February, 1887, the unusually tough time when Eastern Oregon sheep had to be fed for a month.

In '77 the advance scouts of Gen. Howard's command in pursuit of Chief Joseph's Nez Perces, found the famous bear hunter, Livereating Johnson, alone in the Yellowstone country, and when the whole outfit consolidated in camp afterward, a Seventh Cavalry pack-mule recognized Johnson as an old friend, rubbed his nose against him and stood guard near his blankets as the hunter slept through the night. Three years before Johnson had rescued the mule from some Sioux, and turned it over to the quartermaster at Fort Lincoln.

That same year the American mule did great service for the American Indian. Joseph's warriors got away with a lot of him at the Barnas Creek fight and he carried Indian traps, Indian ladies, etc., through to the end of the campaign. On the return march to the Missouri River, after the final capture of Bear Paw Mountains, you could see mules jogging along with Indian kids on their backs, many of the youngsters not over four years old. They guided the mules mostly with a switch longer than themselves, and had neither bridle nor saddle. The mules seemed to fully appreciate the situation. None of them attempted to buck off their small riders, and in fact, most mules seem to want great provocation before they will buck. A little white mule bucked off Gen. Howard during the Snake Campaign in '78, and owing to that veteran soldier's loss of his good right arm, he fell very painfully among the sharp-cornered rocks of the Malheur country. But the kind-hearted general blamed not the mule, for the fault lay in the way the orderly had fixed the cinch.

In '77 I cached a big white, tired-out mule, near Yellowstone Lake, and told him that "some day" perhaps I would return for him and his apparajo—some day when the cruel war was over. It has since been learned that some tourist has sent the apparajo to the Smithsonian shop as a petrified part of a bison, and the mule has been seen in the near distance scooting around like a phantom. When he tires of waiting, still waiting, he can report for duty at the nearest military post.

Some scouts and soldiers claim to prefer the mule as a saddle animal, but most men find him too slow for riding, and when you want to flounder through a miry place he wastes enough precious seconds to sink in so tight that it is well-nigh impossible to pull him out, as I once found out, while fording the quick-sands of the Upper Payette, during the campaign against the Sheepstealer Indians in '80. My mule on which I was making a solitary scout across the dividing range to the Weiser River, allowed himself to settle into the sands, just as though darkness was not coming on and I had not to make at least forty miles more before morning. The fact that my campaign rheumatism just now gives me a twinge in the shoulder, reminds me that myself and brother-mule must have got out of the quick-sands after some fashion.

The mule may bray, but he does not murmur. On the Salmon River campaign Farrom's command divided up into three parties, one under Lieut. Robertson, scouting out the Seven Devil country. Another under Lieut. Benham went south. Grub was divided up, and it was low, very low. Especially salt. Benham's outfit climbed the steep, trailless and immense mountain under which the camp had been located. Approaching the summit, one of the mules fell over backward, being over-balanced by the weight of his pack, and down he went over a 300-foot perpendicular precipice, and was dashed to death among the boulders in the rushing torrent below. That poor mule murmured not at all, but the scouts above did. For all the salt they possessed in the world was on that mule. Their subsequent sufferings, when they

had to eat foolhens straight and crickets without salt, are fully detailed in the Smithsonian Institute reports.

Probably the largest mule that ever existed was one rode by Pawnee Tom, a Seventh Cavalry scout, during the Joseph campaign. At the first opportunity he climbed a captured cayuse, and turned the mule adrift on the Clark's Fork bottom. Lieut. Otis' jackass battery came along with its two little brow-itzers, averaging six upsets to the mile. There stood the big black mule abandoned by Pawnee Tom, and he was immediately hitched in the place of one of the tired ones. At the next upset he was kicked out of the little battery outfit, for he retarded the guns. Then a scout picked him up, and after working his passage a mile he dropped him and climbed an abandoned cavalry horse that had another couple of miles in him. Then two of Fisher's Bannack scouts climbed him, and by slapping him with their blankets, and another Bannack shaking a buffalo robe behind him they got him across the Yellowstone and to the top of the bluffs overlooking Canyon Creek, where Joseph was overtaken and a fight was in progress. The Bannacks got bare-backed horses, bared their own backs, and went into the battle. And that mule, despite his natural laziness, loafed down the slope and sauntered right in between the soldiers and hostiles. There he stood and apparently went to sleep, paying no attention to the bullets whistling around him. One of the Nez Perces was seen to dash out and try to run him off to the hostile herd, but the mool he would not go, and the warrior jumped his pony over a bank and disappeared up a coulee. Quite a number of horses and mules were killed in that fight, but the lazy mule was not scratched, and turned up around camp next morning. Several set-a-foot soldiers tackled him next morning, but none of them struggled with him over a quarter of a mile, abandoning him on the principle that it was easier to walk around a big house than to lift it out of the way. This mule was sound in back, foot and lung, a fine-looking animal, in excellent order, but he had not a particle of the ant in his composition.

In strong contrast to the Pawnee mule was the team of six that Windy Jack had lassoed, rolled into harness and hitched up to a big army wagon at Fort Walla Walla. When they were turned loose he kept them as near as possible in a big circle all over the garrison flat until they finally piled up in a dry ditch. Such a swath did they cut that some of their tracks remain in the hard ground to this day.

A mule's intelligence is fully equalled by his appetite. I have seen one packed with three big boxes of hard tack going through the Idaho Mountains, where the black pine poles are tolerably thick. He would try to travel through between two trees, but the boxes would prevent the passage. Carefully would he back up and turned aside where a large opening offered, and if that was yet too narrow he would try another place. Under similar circumstances a horse of any spirit would force his way through the first place, if he had to drag off his pack or break down the trees. And while he will do lots of work on tar-grass, he will sometimes come into camp and eat up flour, sack and all, cotton sox, or any frontier luxury he can get at.

A hen may be able to scratch more gravel than a mule, but a mule can scratch out a trail along a bluff where a hen would hesitate to fly, and one mule can easily pack a load that would surely stall a dozen hens. About the oddest things you meet on the trails to the Salmon River Mountains, in picturesque Idaho, are the mules with coops lashed onto their backs and through the slats stick out the heads and necks of hens and roosters who cackle and crow as they go. The mule makes it possible for the further settlers to thus transport their feathered produce to the distant mining camps too elevated to raise chickens on their own dunghills.

A couple of dead mules might have been seen in the North Fork of the John Day River in '78, at the base of the mountain on which the Snake Indians ambushed the scouts; but it was no fault of the

mule's if they were dead. Each one had 2,000 rounds of ball cartridges on his back, and the weight threw them over backward as they climbed the almost perpendicular trail. A dead mule of a crushed huckleberry hue was seen in a soft spot near the Bear Paw Mountains in '77, but it was not his fault. His heavy pack had mired him hopelessly down, and in trying to pull him out his neck was broken.

Let Pacific cities and towns now look around on their growing greatness and ask themselves what would they be to-day if mules had not packed the mud to make them.

The American mule has certainly packed more heavy loads for the United States government than has even the proud bird which ornaments its silver four-bit piece.

Whether a mule ever dies a natural death is a disputed question. I have seen quite a number of dead ones, but in every case I knew of the violence that preceded their taking off.

So, when the history of the North Pacific coast and its interior is again written by Mr. Bancroft, let him forget not the mule. The settler and the railroad, when they first invaded the country, were working for the future, of course, and some of them have builded better than they knew. Others, otherwise. But the poor mule, as Gen. Nesmith used to say, had no pride in his impossible posterity, and kept no legendary record of his ancestry.

J. W. H.

HEPPNER, forty-five miles from where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound, save the dropping of the tea-leaves from the sage trees abounding on every hand, 1887.

WESTERN HUMOR.

SAVING THE DOG.

One day when the ice was going out of the Big Sioux River somebody cried out that a dog was going over the falls. In two minutes the nearest bridge was covered with people. It was a large black dog on a cake of ice fifty feet square, which was coming steadily down the current.

"Call him off!" yelled twenty men.

"Throw him a rope!" howled a dozen men.

"Can't we lasso him when he's going under the bridge?" called a small man.

"I'll give \$50 for him if he goes over and comes out alive!" yelled a fat man, who put out poison for his neighbor's dog the night before.

"He'll be worth it," said another.

"For heaven's sake give me a pole!" shouted a long-legged man who had shot two dogs that morning, as he leaped off the approach of the bridge and waded through the old tin cans to the water's edge.

"Give that man a pole!" again yelled the fat man, getting red in the face and climbing upon the railing.

"Poor doggie, why don't those horrid men save the helpless thing?" said a lady who rode up in a carriage with her husband.

"A \$100 for the dog if he gets through alive!" whooped the fat man, recklessly raising his own bid and leaning out over the water.

"Hurry up with that rope!"

"Bring a pole!"

"Where in thunder are all the boats?"

"Doggie, doggie, nice doggie! Come on!"

But the dog did nothing but look meekly around and occasionally wag his tail as if he was trying to explain he never expected to raise all this row. The ice reached the falls, and as the forward edge glided over the dog stepped back a little and then went over and out into the spray and foam.

"Some of you blank fools go below and pull him out!" screamed the fat man.

"He's gone!" put in the long-legged man.

"Ain't either!" cried half a dozen.

"Bet five dollars he isn't," volunteered a whole dozen others.

"I kin lick ther man what says thet air dog don't pull through!" remarked a raw boned man who had not spoken before.

"Course you can," said every one in hearing.

Just then the dog appeared some distance below

the falls. He shot up out of an eddy and being near a rock, swam to it, leaped to the shore and ran back towards the crowd.

"He's all right!" cried every man on the bridge.

"Well, I'll be hanged," said the fat man, who had made the large offers, as the dog came near, "I'm a liar if it ain't the same blamed cur I've been trying to poison for two weeks."—*Dakota Bell.*

PETRIFIED GRAVITY

As an illustration of the "colossal liars" of the West, General McCook relates the following: He was traveling among the Rocky Mountains, and straying out one morning from the trail, stood for a moment entranced by the magnificent landscape spread before him, when he was aroused from his meditations by the footsteps of one of the guides, who had followed him, lest he should lose his way.

"Is not this magnificent, Bill?" exclaimed the General, anxious to share his delight.

"It's mighty purty, General," said the guide, "but I kin show you bigger sights nor this. Why, one time, Kansas Jim and me had been trampin' three days and nights, and we came to a plain, and right in the midst of it was a forest all turned to solid stum!"

The General smiled and remarked: "I have heard of petrified trees before, Bill."

The guide expectorated without changing countenance and continued: "But that warn't all, General. Thar war a Buffalo on that plain, and he war petrified on the clear jump, and his huffs had kicked up a bit of sod, and I'm blamed if that warn't petrified in the air!"

The General turned an amused countenance on the narrator and said: "Why, Bill, the sod would have fallen to the ground by the force of gravity."

Without any hesitation Bill answered: "Well, by—, General, the gravity war petrified, too!"

ALSO A CHEERFUL LIAR.

"Yes," remarked the Chehalis farmer to the new arrival from Dakota, as the two sipped a strawberry blonde beverage at the Central last evening, "we raise considerably fine crops down our way. Potatoes grow so large we mortise holes in 'em and shovel in coals to bake 'em, and we just scoop the inside out of our pumpkins and use the shells for cow stables. Beets grow so large we pull 'em with a derrick, wall up the holes and use 'em for wells. We put rockers on our pea pods and use 'em for baby cradles, and carrots are frequently used for flag-staffs. Oats often grow so tall that the angels often cut 'em with a header, and the head of one sunflower would feed a barnyard of turkeys for a twelvemonth. Squash vines grow so fast they wear the fruit out draggin' it along the ground, and I've often seen cherries as big as your hat. Onions crowd each other out of the ground and one head of cabbage is a load for a flat car. Fertile country, Mister? Well, I should flounder. Just come down our way and look at apples as large as a cheese-box and—." Here the Dakota man handed the Chehalis farmer his card, the two took another drink, wiped their mouths and parted firm and loving friends. The Dakota man's card contained this intelligence: "I am somewhat of a cheerful liar myself."—*Tacoma (Wash. Ter.) News.*

ALWAYS DRANK.

Jumpkins, Sr.—"Well, Jack, you look hearty, and I'm glad to see you safe and sound. Those Western men are lawless folk, I hear."

Jumpkins, Jr. (just from Montana)—"I never had any difficulty with them."

"Well, I'm sure I've heard that they shoot a man who refused to drink with them. Did they never ask you to drink?"

"Um—yes."

"But they spared you on account of your youth?"

"Er—no, I always drank."

"Sassin" is the name of a Lincoln County post-office. Must be a lippy sort of a place.—*Tacoma (Wash. Ter.) News.*

ON THE BIG HORN.

From the Atlantic Monthly.

[In the disastrous battle on the Big Horn River, in which Gen. Custer and his entire force were slain, the chief, Rain-in-the-Face, was one of the fiercest leaders of the Indians. In Longfellow's poem on the massacre, these lines will be remembered:—

"Revenge!" cried Rain-in-the-Face,
"Revenge upon all the race
Of the White Chief with yellow hair!"
And the mountains dark and high
From their crags re-echoed the cry
Of his anger and despair.

He is now a man of peace; and the agent at Standing Rock, Dakota, writes September 28, 1886: "Rain-in-the-Face is very anxious to go to Hampton. I fear he is too old, but he desires very much to go." The *Southern Workman*, the organ of General Armstrong's Industrial School at Hampton, Va., says in a late number:—

"Rain-in-the-Face has applied before to come to Hampton, but his age would exclude him from the school as an ordinary student. He has shown himself very much in earnest about it, and is anxious, all say, to learn the better ways of life. It is as unusual as it is striking to see a man of his age, and one who has had such an experience, willing to give up the old way, and put himself in the position of a boy and a student."

The years are but half a score,
And the war-whoop sounds no more
With the blast of bugles, where
Straight into a slaughter pen,
With his doomed three hundred men,
Rode the chief with the yellow hair.

O Hampton, down by the sea!
What voice is beseeching thee
For the scholar's lowliest place?
Can this be the voice of him
Who fought on the Big Horn's rim?
Can this be Rain-in-the-Face?

His war-paint is washed away,
His hands have forgotten to slay;
He seeks for himself and his race
The arts of peace and the lore
That give to the skilled hand more
Than the spoils of war and chase.

O chief of the Christ-like school!
Can the zeal of thy heart grow cool
When the victor scarred with fight
Like a child for thy guidance craves,
And the faces of hunters and braves
Are turning to thee for light?

The hatchet lies overgrown
With grass by the Yellowstone,
Wind River and Paw of Bear;
And, in sign that foes are friends,
Each lodge like a peace-pipe sends
Its smoke in the quiet air.

The hands that have done the wrong
To right the wronged are strong,
And the voice of a nation saith:
"Enough of the war of swords,
Enough of the lying words
And shame of a broken faith!"

The hills that have watched afar
The valleys ablaze with war
Shall look on the tasseled corn;
And the dust of the grinded grain,
Instead of the blood of the slain,
Shall sprinkle thy banks, Big Horn!

The Ute and the wandering Crow
Shall know as the white men know,
And fare as the white men fare;
The pale and the red shall be brothers,
One's rights shall be as another's,
Home, school, and House of Prayer!

O mountains that climb to snow,
O river winding below,
Through meadows by war once trod,
O wild, waste lands that await
The harvest exceeding great,
Break forth into praise of God!

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THE PALOUSE COUNTRY.

Paul F. Mohr, of the Palouse & Spokane Falls Railroad, speaking of the magnificent farm lands along the line of his road says:

Unlike any other sections, our rivers do not deposit alluvium, and our river bottoms, while beautiful to the eye, constitute our poorest lands. Our fertile lands are on our mountain tops, strange as it may seem. The slow, draining away of glacial lakes has left upon the peaks and plateaus on mountain sides a deposit of alluvial soil whose richness can't be appreciated. It will raise forty bushels of wheat to the acre, and we point with pride to a single farm in the Snake River region of 1,000 acres, from which 50,-

000 bushels of wheat was taken. There are great plateaus, hundreds of miles long, which the plow has never touched, and which we hope to reach by our railroads within the next two years.

COEUR D'ALENE MINES.

On old Baldy Mountain, a few miles above Eagle City, two prominent groups of gold bearing leads are assuming corporate proportions. One is being developed by a Louisville company, the other by Montana capital. Mr. Petit, Superintendent of the Golden Chest Mine, near Murray, has departed for the home of the company at Louisville, Kentucky, to present his report and complete arrangements for the erection of a twenty-stamp mill. This mine is now in a full state of development, and is the first in the country on which a prospecting stamp mill was erected. \$27,000 was soon produced, when the water failed where the mill is situated. Then Mr. Petit wisely concluded to develop the mine thoroughly before erecting a mill in a more favorable place.

The Coeur d'Alene is no place for any one without a reasonable amount of funds. There are at present enough idle miners, mechanics and laborers to supply at least the first demand when work can be started. To the prospector, in my mind, this is an inviting field, and the chances of success are as favorable as anywhere, but it requires money, pluck and energy in greater measure in this country than in a less inaccessible region. The mountains are rugged, high and steep, covered with a dense growth of timber, and in many places the brush impedes progress, making travel and prospecting slow and tedious.—*Correspondence Helena Independent.*

EASTERN AND WESTERN IDEAS.

While Western capitalists are busy planting their surplus dollars in real estate, the New York millionaires are salting their shekels down in pictures and ceramics. Just think of Judge Hilton investing \$66,000 in a little piece of painted canvass to hang up on his library wall, while there are so many corner lots out this way, big enough to bury 40,000 of Messonier's best pictures.

This is a fair illustration of the difference between Eastern and Western ideas. The skeptical Eastern man wants his money where he can keep an eye on it all the time. The confiding Western capitalist plants his and then leaves everything to Providence and a "boom" for a return.—*St. Paul Globe.*

PRICES OF LEADING NORTHWESTERN STOCKS.

Messrs. Gold, Barbour & Swords, 18 Wall Street, New York, report the following closing quotations of miscellaneous securities, April 23:

	Bid.	Asked.
Northern Pacific, common	29 1/2	30
" " preferred	61 1/2	62
" " 1st Mortgage Bonds	117 1/2	117 3/4
" " 2d " "	104 1/2	105
" " Missouri Div. "	105	107
" " P.d'Oreille " "	103 1/2	104 1/2
" " Dividend Certificates	98 1/2	99
St. Paul & Duluth, common	67	67 1/2
" " preferred	108 1/2	109 1/2
" " 1st bonds	110	113
Oregon & Transcontinental	34 1/2	34 3/4
" " 6's 1922	104	104 1/2
Oregon Railway & Navigation	102	103
" " 1st bonds	110	110 1/2
" " " Deb. 7's	105	107 1/2
St. Paul & Northern Pacific 1st's	118 1/2	119
Northern Pacific Terminals	105	105 1/2
Oregon Improvement Co.	96	96 1/2
" " 1st bonds	108	111
James River Valley	105	107 1/2
Spokane & Palouse	52	52 1/2
Chicago, St. P., Mpls & Omaha, com.	112 1/2	113 1/2
do preferred	120 1/2	120 3/4
Chicago & Northwestern, common	147	148
do preferred	91 1/2	91 3/4
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, com.	120 1/2	121
do preferred	88	88 1/2
Milwaukee, Lake S. & Western, com.	110 1/2	110 3/4
do preferred	42	44
Mpls & St. Louis, common	114 1/2	115
do preferred		
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba		



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KELSEY & CO., Meridian, Conn.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF THE WHEAT AND FLOUR MARKET.

OFFICE OF THE NORTHWEST MAGAZINE, MINNEAPOLIS, April 25, 1887.

There has been very little life in the wheat market since the Inter-State Commerce law went into effect. The last week in March was a lively one, the movement being unprecedentedly large, and shipments continuing heavy until April 4th, though a scarcity of cars for a day or two preceding this date made trouble for both buyers and shippers. Outside millers stocked up heavily with wheat, and flour shipments were large, but the wheat is not being ground as rapidly as was expected, for the reason that freight rates are unsettled and millers dare not operate heavily until order has been evolved from the existing chaos in transportation matters. Thus far, nobody seems to be satisfied with the new law, and from all petitions and remonstrances are pouring in upon the inter-state commission, the grain and flour trades being well represented in the list of the disgruntled.

The great deal at Chicago in the May option has dragged its slow length along, the manipulators putting prices down one day, only to send them up the next, and leaving behind to mark the course of the market a ghastly array of winded and crippled speculators who traded not wisely, but too much.

There has been no abatement in the number or size of the rumors about injury to crops by unfavorable weather, though little effect has been produced by them, the range of the visible supply figures being unfavorable to the working of this usually potent influence. There has undoubtedly been some cause for apprehension in certain portions of the best winter wheat states, but on the whole the prospect thus far must be pronounced good, though there is yet time for a marked change in crop conditions. As to the Minneapolis, or hard spring wheat belt, the season has been propitious thus far, seeding having progressed well to the northward. The season has been about a fortnight later than that of 1886, which was a phenomenally early one. The acreage will be larger and the soil having been thoroughly and very generally soaked, the past winter, we ought to have a large and fine crop.

The wheat range of prices for the past month has been as follows:

	Highest.	Lowest.	Closing.	Year ago.
No. 1 Hard	77 1/2	75 1/2	77 1/2	81 1/2
No. 1 Northern	76 1/2	74 1/2	76 1/2	78
No. 2 Northern	73	72 1/2	73	74

Futures have been but fairly active. The closing was quite strong, with May No. 1 hard at 77 1/2c; June 78 1/2c; May 1 Northern, 76 1/2c; June, 77 1/2c; May 2 Northern, 73 1/2c; June, 74 1/2c.

FLOUR.—Millers are bitter in their complaints as to the adverse working of the Inter-State Commerce law, which seems to have seriously curtailed their trade in almost every direction. Eastern buyers loaded up rather heavily in March, anticipating higher prices as the result of an expected advance in freights, but prices have not been higher, nor has the market been strong. There has been a slight improvement in the demand, the past ten days, but the market is still very dull.

Quotations at the mills for carloads or round lots are: Patents, \$4.15@4.30; straights, \$3.90@4.05; first bakers', \$3.35@3.55; second bakers', \$3.20@3.30; best low grades, \$1.50@1.75; red dog, \$1.20@1.30, in bags.

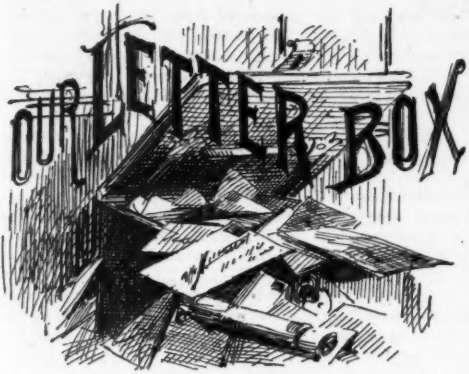
These quotations are on flour in barrels, except as stated. The rule is to discount 25c per bbl for 280 and 140 lb jute bags, 20c for 90 lb cotton sacks 15c for 49 lb cotton sacks, 10c for 24 1/2 lb cotton sacks and 15c for 49 lb paper sacks. In half barrels, the extra charge is 30c per bbl.

NORTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY.

Approximate Gross Earnings for Month of March.

	1886-6.	1886-7.	Increase.
Miles: Main Line and Branches...	2,741	2,894.54	153.54
Month of March...	\$858,116.17	\$948,198.00	\$90,081.83
July 1 to Mar. 31...	\$8,775,966.68	\$9,387,641.70	\$611,675.02

R. L. BELKNAP, Treasurer.



Passes for Stockholders.

POPLAR RIDGE, CAYUGA CO., N. Y. Feb. 3, 1887.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

Permit me to ask through the Letter Box if you think injustice would be done to anyone, if the Northern Pacific Railroad Company should issue to each of its original bond-holders, who now hold the preferred stock for the same, a free pass, and return, for two persons (of course a man would want his wife to go with him) over the road and its branches, good until used. While not questioning the necessities of the case, or the wisdom of not paying unearned dividends, I think it will be conceded that the class in question have waited long and patiently for some return from their investment, holding on through hard times, when, in many instances, a dividend however small, would have afforded some relief from their pressure, with a faith strong in the future of the road and a just pride in its increasing usefulness and value.

The proposition I have made seems to me, would only be a just recognition of this faith and friendship, and one that could be made at a comparatively small cost to the company, as the only expense would be that of transportation on regular trains, no "specials" or extra accommodations of any kind being required.

SAMUEL SEARING.

The above letter was written before Congress undertook to manage the railroads by its meddlesome Inter-State Commerce law.

Where is the Northern Pacific Terminus?

POTTSTOWN, PA., March 26, 1887.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

For a long time I have had a great desire to go to the Northwest, and have read everything I could lay my hands on from that section of the country, and frequently see a copy of your valuable magazine. The towns that attract our attention most are Walla Walla, Spokane Falls, Tacoma, Seattle and Portland. These five places seem to be the principal points. In talking it over we have about decided that the end of the Northern Pacific, where they build their shops and improvements, must be a big town, and it is at this place where we want to locate, if we can find out positively where it is; and we write you for this information. By the papers, I see that both Tacoma and Seattle claim to be the terminus. Now, won't you inform us which is the bona-fide terminus of the Northern Pacific, where do they own the most property and which of the two places, in your judgment, is to be the great city.

G. J. CAMP.

You are right about the five towns you name. They are the principal towns in the Pacific Northwest and the first four are the leading towns in Washington Territory. They are growing and prosperous. As to the terminus of the Northern Pacific Road you would not need to ask information if you were at all familiar with the history of the company. Tacoma was selected for the terminus as long ago as 1871 by the Committee of the Board of Directors sent out from the East for this purpose. The Committee examined all the points on Puget Sound and decided upon Tacoma, which was then a mere saw-mill hamlet. Their action was ratified by the Board and subsequently, to quiet all doubts as to the place selected being the permanent terminus of the Northern Pacific, the Board passed a resolution formally declaring it to be such. The resolution has never been rescinded, nor has a proposition ever been submitted to the Board to rescind it. The Tacoma town site is owned by a stock company called the Tacoma Land Company, a majority of whose stock is owned by the Northern Pacific Railroad Company. All

sales of real estate in the town have been based upon faith in the resolution of the Northern Pacific Board declaring it to be the western terminus of the road. There is not the slightest probability that the terminus will ever be removed to any other place. Tacoma has now about 9,000 inhabitants and is growing rapidly.

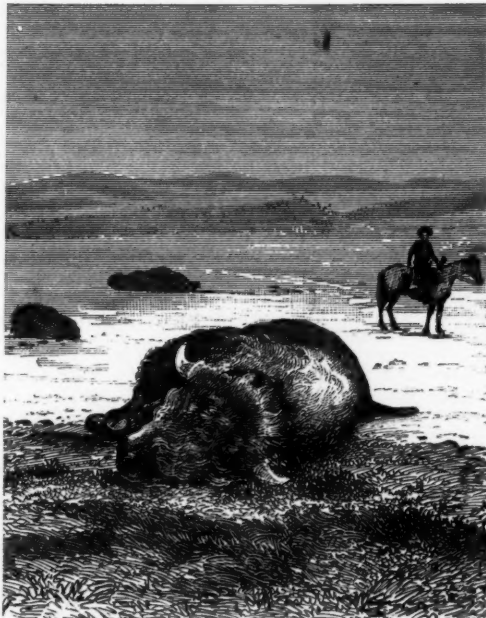
Is Hunting Barbarous?

A lady subscriber in New Hampshire, after reading an account of antelope hunting in a recent number of this magazine, sent us the following letter on the cruelty of the sport:

MANCHESTER, N. H., Feb. 25, 1887.

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

I have just read the article in THE NORTHWEST, "Chasing Antelope in Montana." Although the writer is no doubt, an educated man, he seems to me to be the most cruel sportsman I ever heard of. I cannot conceive how anyone, but a savage, or one on the verge of starvation, could do such a cruel thing as he boasts of. Coming on the beautiful creature, with her young nestled cosily in the prairie hays—the dear little mother, what a lovely sight it must have been. And this hunter for sport could so horribly wound, and chase the poor thing to its death, and leave the little ones to mourn and starve perhaps, until they too died. And this was fun? I



FIVE MINUTES' WORK.—HUNTING BUFFALO ON THE MILK RIVER, MONTANA.

should think his cruel deed would haunt him until his dying day.

O, that the young of our land could be taught that this is extreme cruelty, instead of sport.

E. S. KIDDER.

The above letter was forwarded to the Montana hunter who wrote the article, and has elicited from him the following reply:

To the Editor of The Northwest Magazine:

The author of the antelope article, which appeared in a recent issue of your magazine, regrets very much that his motive should have been misunderstood. Evidently the lady who criticised the chase of the antelope does not believe in hunting at all.

A great majority of the human family have sportsmanlike instincts born in them, and a certain portion of the same family condemn every thing of that nature. No doubt, the lady referred to deprecates the killing of not only antelope, but also of deer, birds, and other innocent and harmless animals and fowls; but why does she not also condemn the killing of any living creature for the same purpose? Wild animals, though of a fiercer nature, certainly have a right to their lives, and so have beeves, fowls and fish, too, if we consider the question in its broadest sense: And yet the lady possibly approves of the destruction of bears, catamounts and the like, while on the other hand, harmless animals and fowls should be spared. Evidently the lady is not a close reader, or she would have observed that in the very article she

criticises as cruel, appeared the statement that the doe, after being so badly wounded that life would have been unbearable, was pursued and dispatched simply for the purpose of placing her out of misery. The kids could have been slaughtered easily were the hunter at all inclined to be bloodthirsty, but they were intentionally spared, as the narrative shows. The killing of animals is for various purposes. Only the other day a representative of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington came out to this country for the sole object of securing a certain number of bison. He found one small band on Milk River, a mere remnant of the mighty herds which tenanted these plains in days gone by, and these few buffalo he chased from one hiding place to another, until twenty-five animals, more or less, had fallen before his deadly rifle. No doubt many will accuse Mr. Hornaday (the gentleman in question) with being bloodthirsty and cruel, in thus seeking to destroy the last of the bison on the continent, but fair-minded people will go a step farther and inquire into the motive. His object was a worthy one, to obtain, before it was too late, specimens of this representative American game animal, and I, for one, heartily approve of his course. To own the truth, cruelty is as foreign to my nature as it is to the lady who criticizes my narrative; for I would as soon think of taking human life unworthily and cruelly, as to deprive an innocent animal of its life without reason and without sense. The antelope in the narrative was hunted for food, although coupled with the chase, before the creature was so badly wounded, was the spirit of adventure and excitement, which attends the hunting of game birds and game animals for sport, and which is so thoroughly understood and appreciated by all true sportsmen. The young fawns were large and old enough to take care of themselves, and the fact I mention speaks for itself; because the fleet-footed youngsters were able to keep ahead of my pony, and would very probably have outrun me in the end. The loss of the mother was no loss at all to them, any more than the killing of a two or three weeks old calf for veal, is distress and pain to the mother cow. I'll venture to say that the lady has eaten veal, spring lamb and spring chicken, frequently, and never once thought how sad and cruel a thing it was to deprive those young creatures of their respective lives: Still the lady has a tender heart and sympathetic spirit, and will no doubt believe the author when he says, that never in his life has he willingly deprived any creature of life when the motive was cruelty, and nothing else.

DISGUSTED IMMIGRANTS.

Other localities along the Pacific coast are using their best efforts to take advantage of the disappointment amounting to a feeling of disgust which has taken possession of so many immigrants who have been induced to come to Southern California by the overdrawn pictures which have been presented to over-imaginative minds, and have caused such an inflated boom in that section. Agents from various towns and counties in Central and Southern California as well as from Oregon, have gone to Los Angeles to intercept there disappointed persons and point to them localities on this coast where there is less boom and more substance, and their efforts, we understand, are being attended with encouraging success. An agent of the Northern Pacific Railroad is among the number of those who have gone to represent the advantages of this North Pacific coast country. This section of country does not offer an orange orchard in bearing or a vineyard from which a fortune is to be plucked the first year without any effort, to every immigrant who will come, nor does it offer him greenbacks which may be gathered without labor from the branches of its shrubs or clam shells filled with gold pieces; it simply presents the opportunities, numerous and varied avenues to wealth; it offers inducements for capital, in a hundred ways, accompanied by enterprise and energy, to make profitable investment and engage in remunerative industry in the development of our exhaustless resources. Let no one be deceived when we speak of such opportunities and present the advantages which are promised industry and capital here, that money can be made or had through some particular effect of our charming climate without the effort and skill always requisite to real success anywhere or in any undertaking. Our country presents the opportunity and offers the material upon which the skilful hand of industry may work with success.—Tacoma News.



Minnesota.

It is estimated that \$2,000,000 worth of buildings are now in progress of construction at Duluth.

THE *Northwestern Railroader* gives a summary of the mileage of the great roads centering in St. Paul and Minneapolis, corrected up to date, as follows:

	Miles.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul.....	5,201
Chicago & Northwestern system.....	6,532
Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific.....	1,442
Burlington, C. R. & Northern.....	1,034
Minneapolis & St. Louis.....	584
Wisconsin Central.....	744
Minneapolis & Northwestern.....	877
Chicago, Burlington & Quincy.....	3,831
St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba.....	1,851
Northern Pacific.....	2,955
St. Paul & Duluth.....	225
Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic.....	141
Minneapolis & Pacific.....	218

The total, 25,853 miles is, a respectable one.

THE Duluth News states that the extension of the Duluth & Iron Range Railroad eastward through the Vermilion Range to reach the new iron field on that range now being opened up, is an assured fact. By fall the extension will be built and in operation thirty miles through the new field, where it is predicted that several valuable mines will be ready to begin shipping ore as soon as they are furnished with transportation facilities. The extension will ultimately be continued to the Canadian border, where it will connect with the line to be constructed westward from Port Arthur through the Rabbit Mountain silver district, work on which will be inaugurated as soon as the weather permits in the spring. The News is of the opinion that the development now going on in the Vermilion Range will double the iron output from Minnesota.

Dakota.

NEIL MCLEOD was the first farmer to sow grain this year, on the 23d of March.—*Dunseith Herald*.

THE Standard Oil Company are to establish a bulk station at Fargo. The station is to include cooper shops and tankage, and the shippage, both in and out, will be from fifty to a hundred car loads per week. This will make Fargo a general distributing point for Dakota, Montana, Idaho and the Pacific states, except California.

ALTHOUGH the past winter has been the severest ever known in the Mouse River Valley, none of our ranchmen have sustained any serious losses, except in one or two cases where stock was driven in late in the fall from other sections and arrived here in such a demoralized condition, that they could not have been wintered successfully anywhere on earth. Except in the rare cases mentioned each ranchman in the valley has the most favorable report to make of his stock. All the stock in this section is in excellent condition and look as slick and plump as though they had ranged on green grass all the winter.—*Towner News*.

GROWTH OF WAHPETON.—Wahpeton, unlike many other towns in the Northwest, has never yet had any particular boom. Its growth so far has been the result of actual demand. Our stores were built because the people of our county needed convenient trading places. Our banks are an acknowledged necessity and are a great convenience in the transaction of our extensive business. Our water works conduce immensely to the comfort and convenience of our community, and are an indispensable acquisition to our general wealth and welfare. And so we might lengthen out the list of our present possessions, all of which are appropriate and calculated to meet the popular demand. As yet we have had no disastrous collapses. And now, as we come to the opening of another season, we discover evidences that the steady, healthy growth of the past is to be continued. One of these is the increasing demand for city lots.—*Wahpeton Gazette*.

SOMEBODY has taken the trouble to telegraph from Washington denying that Dakota pays a net revenue to the post-office department. Well, who imagined she did? There are but ten States in the Union that pay such a revenue, and these are States containing large cities. Take away Chicago, and Illinois will show a balance on the debit side. It cost \$300,000 annually in excess of the receipts to supply Indiana with mail, and nearly \$400,000 to furnish Iowa. Ohio is behind a full million annually. Minnesota, Kansas and Nebraska are short from \$300,000 to a \$400,000 a year each; who expects Dakota to reverse all human experience and pay a revenue before she has escaped from her swaddling clothes? This, however,

may be said, that she has a large number of offices that pay the Government much more than it costs to sustain them. The deficiency arises from the expense of carrying mails over long routes between thinly settled communities.—*Ex-Gov. Pierce in St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

THERE was a terrible drouth in Dakota last year—the first for many years. No doubt you have heard of it, for it was heralded far and wide. And yet the official statement shows that the average yield of wheat per acre was over eleven bushels, only one bushel less than the general average for the entire spring wheat area. We raised over 30,000,000 bushels of wheat, 20,000,000 of oats, 15,000,000 of corn and nearly 3,000,000 bushels of flax, but still we count the crop a failure. When we have a good year we have to buy a fresh arithmetic.—*Cor. St. Paul Pioneer Press*.

Montana.

A STAGE line has been established between Billings and the Rock Creek Coal Mines.

THE Great Falls Tribune says that town will have 2,500 population before the advent of the Manitoba Road, and 5,000 in a year.

MONTANA farming is much easier than farming in the great corn-growing States, where it is a continual battle against the weeds and crab grass from seed time until July.—*Rocky Mountain Husbandman*.

MONTANA is getting a great deal of good advertising by means of the horse Montana Regent, now ranked as one of the best racers on the American turf. Last summer he made a fine record and this season, in the hands of the best of trainers, carefully managed and with unlimited backing he promises to far eclipse his past record. He is of Montana breeding and bears the name of the Territory and great interest will always be taken here in the animal's career. It has long been claimed that the natural condition of Montana was conducive to the breeding of horses of great strength of wind and limb and the record already made by horses bred in the Territory seems to bear out the assumption.—*Helena Independent*.

Idaho.

THE ANNEXATION OF IDAHO.—President Cleveland, in a recent conversation with Senator Stewart of Nevada, said he will sign another bill dividing up Idaho, and it is not improbable, therefore, that within two years the eastern border will be extended to the summit of the Bitter Root Mountains.

GOOD OPENINGS IN THE COEUR D'ALENE COUNTRY.—To the man who has a few hundred dollars, a willing mind and some muscle, the Coeur d'Alene is an inviting field for prospecting, and the chances of soon making a competence or fortune is better than in older localities. The entire country has been scarcely looked over, and the principal fields so far are in the immediate vicinity of the larger streams or the travelled roads. By branching out and getting back into the interior the chances are that just as good lodes exist as those nearer the public highways.

To the laborer, mechanic or artisan we would say, by present appearances, there will be no great demand for your services for another month or two. All branches of labor are fully represented here at present by those who have wintered in the country.—*Coeur d'Alene Record*.

A LINE has been run by Engineer Zhaner, for the Washington & Idaho Railroad Company, for a road from Farmington to Mullen, in the Coeur d'Alene country, and from Farmington to Spokane Falls. Mr. Zhaner reports having found a practicable route around the south and east sides of the Coeur d'Alene Lake, and thence up the Coeur d'Alene and South Fork rivers to Mullen, near the Idaho and Montana line. A Walla Walla exchange, commenting on this movement, says: "It is said that the O. R. & N. Co. is back of the W. & I. Co., but from various indications it is thought that the Manitoba system are the real instigators of this good work. It will be noticed that the line has not been run merely to sap the mines, but has been extended on eastward through the mining region about to the summit of the Bitter Roots. From there the line can be readily run down the St. Regis River and up the Missoula River to Missoula, M. T., where a corps of Manitoba engineers were reported to have arrived recently. This undoubtedly is where Hill is quietly working to spring his line on the Northwest, and likely by the Seattle, Lake Shore & Eastern to the Sound."

Oregon.

THE fruit crop in Oregon promises to be the largest known.

WITH so many lines pointing this way it is not unreasonable to expect that Portland will soon be a very important railroad center. We have already the Northern Pacific and the Union Pacific. In a few months we shall have direct communication via the Southern Pacific. The Oregon Pacific and its connection, the Chicago &

Northwestern, are certain to make their terminus at Portland in the end. The Canadian Pacific, while it does not terminate at Portland, is available as a freight carrier to our business community. Viewed altogether, the prospect is good, decidedly.—*Portland Oregonian*.

A RAILROAD man of the highest standing gives it as his opinion that the Southern Pacific will not stop with the purchase of the Oregon & California, but will throw out branches into the Columbia River Basin and to Puget Sound. It is his judgment that it will endeavor to cover the Northwest as it does (through various roads under various names) in California.—*Portland Oregonian*.

So great is the demand for prunes in this country that their cultivation promises to be one of the most profitable occupations that Oregon farmers can engage in. During the last four years the imports of prunes from foreign countries aggregated 228,513,098 lbs.; value \$10,657,376. The Oregon prunes are said to equal any of the imported ones and they require no extra attention. Prunes will not grow everywhere and Oregon is one of the favored localities. Mr. Hidden, of Vancouver, has an orchard of 3½ acres in extent which yielded ten tons of prunes last season, from which he netted some \$2,400.

Washington Territory.

TWENTY-EIGHT immigrants from Waynesville, N. C., arrived at Winlock last month.

THE south fork of the Nooksack and the California Creek, Birch Bay and Custer section of the county are receiving the bulk of the incoming immigration, says a Whatcom paper.

THE vicinity of Yakima affords a rare opportunity to start a creamery, and any person looking for, or desirous of establishing such a business, will find it to their interest to look over the field here and investigate the advantages this locality offers. Encouragement and co-operation will be given, especially by all lovers of good butter. Who comes? Who makes the move?—*Yakima Republican*.

BIG ESSAYS FROM ORE.—The owners of the Eva Mine, situated on the Swauk, some time since forwarded to the Selby Smelting Works of San Francisco, a little box containing thirty ounces of ore taken from three different claims on the same lode. Last week they received the returns, which have been placed to their credit—\$8.17 in gold and \$3.90 in silver, a total of \$12.07 or \$800 per ton. Their vein is five feet across and the company is highly elated over their rich find.—*Ellensburg New Era*.

AN ICE FACTORY AT SEATTLE.—Seattle has an ice factory which is daily turning out large quantities of pure ice, most of which is being stored for summer use. The capacity of the factory is fifteen tons of ice per day, but at present it is not being run to its full capacity. The company has established agencies for the receipt and delivery of its ice to customers at Olympia and Tacoma, and Captain O'Tool, the vice-president of the company, will visit Port Townsend, Port Blakely, Gamble, Ludlow and other towns of importance on the Sound and arrange to furnish them with ice during the summer season.

BORING THE BIG N. P. TUNNEL.—The combined progress made from the two ends of the tunnel at Stampede Pass is about sixteen and a half feet per day. About 4,100 feet has been bored. This has been accomplished in a little over a year's work, a portion of which time was without the aid of steam. It took two years to build the Mullan and Bozeman tunnels, the lengths of which are not as great as the finished work of the Stampede Tunnel. At the present rate of progress the tunnel will be completed on the fifth day of November of this year. For this work Bennett receives from the company \$85 per linear foot, with extra pay for timbering. The rock, which is a conglomerate bluish gray stone, is soft and easily worked. Timbering is required most of the distance.

ANOTHER ROAD TO THE SOUND.—There is reason to believe that a scheme is on foot to build a line from a point on the north bank of the Columbia River near Vancouver to Seattle, paralleling the Northern Pacific. Such a scheme has been rumored here for a week past, but it could not be traced to a reliable source. Yesterday an *Oregonian* reporter interviewed a gentleman not disconnected with the railroad interests, who stated positively that another line would be built to the Sound, and that work would commence soon. The plan, he said, was to start at Vancouver and build north, keeping about eighteen miles to the east of the Northern Pacific, touching at Tacoma, and terminating at Seattle. A large ferry similar to the Northern Pacific's transfer boat, would be put on to run between Vancouver and a point opposite, and a switch run to this point from the O. R. & N. Co.'s main line. He further stated that most of the capital required would be advanced by Portland men, and he named two capitalists who were identified with the enterprise. Primarily, the road would be a local enterprise, but it would be the Union Pacific's outlet to the Sound.—*Portland Oregonian*.

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Moorish, Indian,
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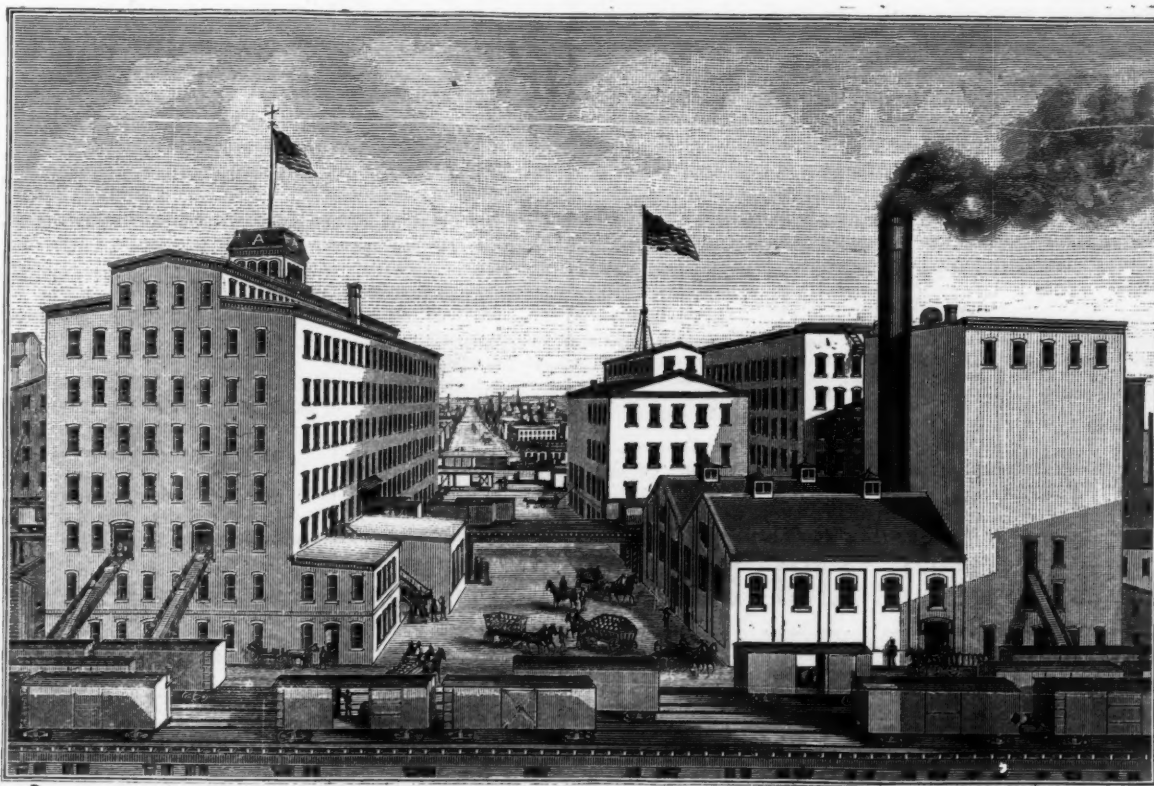
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A Sioux Indian will never slouch a man for a slouch of clothes, but he slouches by a bottle of rum that's nioux, to warm his nothes.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Boston newspaper asks: "Where do the cooks come from?" "I give it up. But I could tell you without a moment's hesitation where most of them ought to go."

The song of the sandwich man is: "Oh, for a thousand tongues."—*Hartford Times.* Why not strike the grocer, and "Owe for a couple of hams?"—*New Orleans Picayune.*

ODE TO QUEEN VIC.

There was an old woman named Guelph,
Exceedingly fond of the pueph;
She ruled a great people,
Was stiff as a steeple,
And kept, all the time, to hersueph.

POSITIVE PROOF.—De Cad: "That little Miss Beach is a regular little fool." Bagley: "Oh, no." De Cad: "Yes she is. Any girl who will flirt is a fool." Bagley: "Does she flirt?" De Cad: "Why, she flirted with me all last evening." Bagley: "Oh, well, then she is a fool."—*Tid-Bits.*

"I am not accuthtomed to dwinking," he said timidly to the bartender, "but I am feeling quite thick, and I would like to athk if you have any ware old whisky?"

"Rare old whisky?" repeated the bartender indulgently, "I should say so! I can give it to you raw if you want it."—*Life.*

1. Wife—"I really believe that those people who sat just behind us have taken my wrap!"

2. Wife—"Why, here it is! Now, Charlie, why did you not tell me it was on the back of my gown?"

Husband—"Was that the wrap? I thought it was some trimming."—*Harper's Bazar.*

THE SPRING SEASON.—French cook: "Plase, mum, the guests is a sayin' that the butter we're usin' is oleo." Mistress—"Mercy! Did they see the stamps?" "No, mum, oi attended to them myself." "Well, Jane, it's about time for spring butter now. Just mix a little garlic with it."—*Omaha World.*

"Pa, you didn't kick George out of the house last night, as you threatened to, did you, dear?"

"Yes, Clara, I kicked him clear out into the front yard."

"Oh, pa, how could you be so cruel? You have broken poor George's heart."

"No, indeed, I didn't come anywhere near his heart."

STRIKING THE HAPPY MEDIUM.—Aged granger to polite drug clerk: "I want to buy a tooth brush." Polite clerk: "Do you wish for a hard or a soft one?" Aged granger: "Well, you see my darter, she's just got home from boarding school and she likes a soft one; and my boy, he likes a hard one; but me an' ma, we don't care—so give us a medium one and that will please the whole family."

Sunday—At church. Ada (her head reverentially on her prayer-book): "Keep this law-aw!"—Jessie, do look at Miss Skimpy's bonnet. She's had it for five years, at least."

Minister: "Hm, hm,—false witness against thy neighbor!"

Ada: "Keep this law-a-waw!"

Jessie: "Say, Ada, what a love of a bonnet Sally Bonanza has on. I do wish it was mine."

Minister: "Hm, hm. Shalt not covet thy neighbor's; hm, hm, nor anything that he hath!"

Ada and Jessie (very loud): "Keep these laws."—*Town Topics.*

HOW SHE CRUSHED HIM.

They quarreled as lovers sometimes will—
Vowed they'd be strangers evermore,
And never sigh, "It might have been!"
He called one day; she met him at the door.
He said, as he touched his derby's brim:
"Miss Brown, is it not? Is you father in?"
She eyed him with a crushing grin,
And said in tone his soul appalled,
"He is not; who shall I tell him called."

—*Harper's Bazar.***A Fearful Leap**

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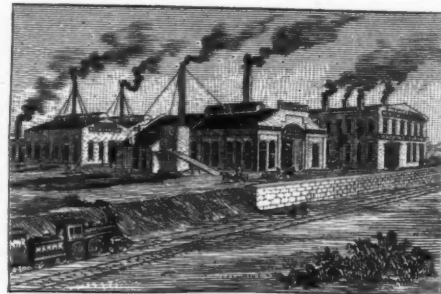
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